

California Historical Society

Quarterly

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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER I

MARCH 1934

REMINISCENCES OF A 'FORTY-NINER

By Mablon D. Fairchild¹

PREVIOUS to the discovery of gold in California the writer of these reminiscences had been allured westward by perusing Frémont's reports of his explorations upon the Great American Desert and Pacific Coast, published by the United States Government, and toward California particularly from reading Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. Therefore it is not strange that simultaneously with the receipt in the East of the wonderful reports of Marshall's gold discovery at Coloma he was eager to start for the Pacific Coast. The entire populace of the East becoming enthusiastic as favorable reports from the gold fields multiplied, scores of gold mining companies were speedily organized in all of the Eastern States and were soon en route for California.

TO PANAMA WITH THE GANARGWANS

Among such was the "Ganargwa Mining Company," organized in New-ark, Wayne County, New York, comprising the following membership: Renssalaer Ellis, John Runyon, Reuben Grippin, Alvin Hosmer, Myron Culver, Hiram Lush, Columbus Hyde, Daniel Kenyon, Wm. H. McKinster, M. Curtis, David Fairchild and the writer. The company had all the non-descript paraphernalia then supposed to be necessary for gold-washing purposes—mostly useless, however—and were armed cap-a-pie. There was one really good thing in the outfit which would have been both useful and profitable had it ever reached its intended destination: and that was a coining press, the fate of which will be disclosed hereafter.

This party reached New York City in time to sail thence upon the steamship *Crescent City*, March 15, 1849. Among the passengers (with whom the

ship was crowded to its limit) were Mrs. J. C. Frémont with infant daughter in arms, Daniel Hammond, and Collis P. Huntington. Mrs. Frémont is mentioned because Mrs. Frémont was the only lady passenger, and was then going to meet her husband who was approaching California from one of his most arduous expeditions; and Mr. Huntington because of his genial fellowship and vivid recital of personal "scraps" which he had engaged in with bumptious persons who had, while he was peddling clocks and Yankee notions in the South, affronted him; and also because of his subsequent prominence as one of the great railway builders of California.

Passengers were landed at Chagres, Isthmus of Darien, March 24, and from thence compelled to get to Panama as best they could. The usual way was to hire native boatmen to take one up Chagres River to Gorgona in their "bungoes," from which place transportation was changed to pack mules, or to backs of men. As the congestion of passengers had caused a scarcity of boats, many of the new arrivals were content to amuse themselves for several days while awaiting transportation in viewing the surroundings and remarking the customs of the inhabitants—all so strange to the average immigrant. The quaint unmanned old Spanish fort, with its heavy guns of a century's age, were particular objects of interest and criticism. Ashore at Chagres, the American "tenderfoot" was wonderful to behold. Many sported red flannel shirts, the like of which they had never before donned; strapped about their waists were brand new belts from which dangled knives of strange device—principally of the "Bowie" order—and pistols mostly of the Allen "pepperbox" style. Could the buccaneers who raided Chagres two centuries before have arisen from the tombs and beheld these gold-seeking prototypes, how jealous they would have been at the glamour displayed.

Our party finally succeeded in engaging two "bungoes" manned by two black men each. These native boatmen were slow-moving creatures, propelled their craft with poles, were stripped stark naked, and rested every few miles, and it was near the end of the month before we reached Gorgona. By this time other ships from New York had landed passengers and there were thousands of people awaiting transportation to California. Many of them had paid passage only to Chagres—risking the chance of getting transportation from Panama to San Francisco. And such was the predicament of the Ganargwans. Only two regular steamers—the *California* and *Oregon*—were running upon the Pacific, neither of which had yet come down from the north, and passage upon them was engaged for several trips ahead. One more, the *Panama*, was on the way, but there was no room upon her for transients. In this dilemma the Ganargwans elected to remain at Gorgona for a week or two—those so disposed putting in the time exploring, hunting and fishing. A dense jungle prolific with animal, bird and reptile life covered the land, and there were many alligators in the river. It was laborious

work to penetrate the thicket, but to the young and vigorous members of the party, capital sport. Several of them had hand-made tomahawks forged from solid steel, and these were very useful in cutting the way through the dense undergrowth. Many strange things were brought into camp daily—notably sloths, iguanas, armadillos, ant-eaters, queer snakes of various colors and great length but slender, monkeys, parrots, and game birds such as turkeys of small size and several varieties of grouse. It became the custom of some of the native residents to accompany the hunters for the game killed, which was given them for carrying the trophies of the day into camp. They were particularly fond of the flesh of the iguana, a large reptile of the lizard order usually found on trees and apparently subsisting upon leaves. The eggs of the iguana were also a favorite food. When cooked, the flesh of the reptile is white and looks palatable. Curiosity induced me to try it, but I did not relish the morsel, and a single trial sufficed.

On the 11th of April this camp was broken, its dunnage transferred to the backs of native men (about 200 pounds for each one), and a start made for Panama on foot where the party arrived the following day. As there was no chance to leave immediately, a house was hired, pending a time when passage might be procured upon some vessel going to our objective point—the golden land of California. Homesick ones were now and then found among the thousands then at Panama who were willing to sell transportation which they had engaged through upon the steamers. These sold their tickets at a great advance upon the original cost, returning to New York well paid for their trip to the Isthmus.

The conditions at Panama in some manner became known abroad and it was not long before ships, and ships—craft of all sorts and conditions—began coming into the harbor of Panama and outfitting to carry passengers to San Francisco. The *Oregon* came down from its maiden trip. The streets of Panama were thronged with delayed argonauts who desired information from the gold fields. When the sailors came on shore from the *Oregon* for a few hours' fun of their own, they were immediately surrounded by an inquisitive crowd from whom there was no escape until they were "pumped" dry, and to satisfy the mob they told strange tales of gold accumulations. One sailor thus imprisoned said that just after the *Oregon* had got out of the harbor of San Francisco he scraped the mud off the fluke of the anchor and panned it, getting several pounds of gold in so doing, at the same time exhibiting a nugget of an ounce or more as part of the result. And many of his listeners believed the yarn. Cholera and other sickness became prevalent, and people were so anxious to get away that neither price of passage nor method of transportation was seriously considered. Many were willing to part with all the cash they possessed for passage upon any kind of craft that floated.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "EDALINA"

At this juncture a New Granadan brigantine registering but thirty-two tons burden made its appearance in the harbor and was offered for sale by Scranton & Frenor, the former a member of a local firm of speculators, and the latter recent war correspondent in Mexico of the New Orleans *Picayune* writing over the nom de plume of "Mustang." Later Scranton & Smith established a business in San Francisco, and Mr. Frenor, after coming to California and going to the northern part of the State, was killed by Indians in Trinity County in 1852.

This was an opportunity for the Ganargwans which should not be lost. They purchased the little vessel at a cost, provisioned for San Francisco, of \$5,000. It was decided that the *Edalina* (that being her name) was capable of carrying more people than her owners alone, and no difficulty was experienced in selling passage to thirty others for \$200 each, which was done—not a bad speculation for novices in maritime affairs. All sorts of dunnage belonging to passengers was taken aboard; a sailing-master named Clarey was engaged to navigate her, and the day of departure fixed. The writer and his father, David Fairchild, went on board the *Edalina* the day before she sailed, fully expecting to go upon her. But oh, what a jam! There was no room for shelter below, and room on deck to spread blankets was extremely limited. My father was then in his fifty-eighth year and always was very sea-sick upon the ocean. It would not do for him to attempt a voyage on so frail a craft with such slender accommodations. We counselled together, and though both desired very much to leave Panama, decided to forego the trip upon the *Edalina* and take chances for another vessel. There was no delay in obtaining two others to pay us \$200 each for passage in our stead, and we remained in Panama.

On the 30th of April, 1849, I watched the little New Granadan brigantine *Edalina* as she sailed out of the roadstead at Panama and put to sea, and it was not without regret that I saw her go, for I was impatient to be upon the move Californiaward, and had no thought she would come to grief en route. She was flying the American flag. Proceeding without mishap along the coast, she put into the port of Realejo, Nicaragua, for water and other supplies. There was a British sloop-of-war there whose officers knew that a craft of that sort had no right to sail under the Stars and Stripes, and the Nicaraguans, friendly to the Mexicans so recently whipped by the "gringos," had no love for that banner nor for those who so illegally flaunted it in their faces. And between the two powers the *Edalina* was seized, condemned and confiscated—leaving the crew and passengers stranded, generally with little money, among an unfriendly people. Captain Clarey should have known better than to discard the Colombian flag, but the American "boys" did not. They owned the vessel and had made great calculations upon its use on the

Bay of San Francisco and the Sacramento River. They had learned a costly lesson in maritime law. Everything they possessed but their wardrobe, including the valuable coining press, was "swiped" by the "greasers."

THE VOYAGE OF THE "SYLPH"

About the time the *Edalina* sailed upon her disastrous voyage, the whale-ship *Sylph* of Fair Haven, Massachusetts, commanded by Captain Francis M. Gardner, came into the harbor of Panama and was speedily fitted for carrying passengers to San Francisco. The writer and his father obtained passage upon her. The ship registered about 750 tons burden, and in addition to her full whaling crew received 200 passengers²—a number which crowded her to the limit. A number of us occupied the poop-deck with our bedding and dunnage, in the open, throughout the entire voyage. The *Sylph* sailed from Panama on the 9th of May, heading southwestward in order to encounter certain trade winds which prevailed at that time of the year that would favor the vessel's course to San Francisco. May 23, the vessel dropped anchor in the Bay of Tacamas (or Atacamas), Ecuador, fifty-five miles north of the equator. This port at that time seemed to be a favorite resort for New England whalships cruising in the Pacific Ocean, presumably because port charges were nominal, fresh provisions cheap and an abundant supply of good water available from a stream of considerable size flowing from Andean sources. While the harbor was but little more than an open roadstead, it was not subject to violent storms, and anchorage was good in deep water within two cables' length of shore. One ship had left the port the day previous to our arrival, and one—the *Ann Alexander*—was still there. This ship was subsequently wrecked upon the South American coast by a wounded whale that had been harpooned by its crew. Angered by its wounds, the monstrous creature swam off for a distance of half a mile or more and then with its greatest speed rushed against the sides of the ship until they were stove in. Repeating this several times, the whale had the vessel in a sinking condition, and the crew took to small boats and reached the coast. The fate of the *Ann Alexander* was at that time the second case of similar occurrence recorded in the history of whale-hunting.

Tacamas at that time had a population of from 150 to 200, mostly of Indian blood. There was an Englishman resident with native wife and family of half-bloods; a few miles inland upon the river was an American in the same predicament, who came to town in a boat while the *Sylph* was there, and said he was cultivating some land near the river above. Both of these men had run away from vessels which had called there a number of years before. There was one American sailor in the calaboose, a wooden-barred prison in the place, having been left there by the vessel recently going away, for some infraction aboard ship. He was very anxious to be liberated so that he might go to California on the *Sylph*, but the town alcalde was

obdurate and would not free him while an American vessel was in port. Possibly it may have been desirable from a sociological standpoint that he remain for the purpose of infusing new blood into the careless, indolent race—the half-caste samples then in evidence resulting from the alliance of the two men above named with native women proving satisfactory. The houses were of bamboo, thatched with palm leaves and of only a single room each. The foundations consisted of poles about one foot in diameter, elevating the floors, ten feet above ground. Ladders were required to enter. It was said this was necessary for protection against wild animals and serpents; but more likely it was to escape fleas and other bothersome insects. Every passenger spent one or two days on shore, each one spending more or less money, and doubtless it was an epoch in the history of the little town which its “oldest inhabitant” recalls to this day—for never before (and probably not since) had they been so favored by a similar class of customer. The natives made slight charges for whatever accommodations were afforded, and I recall the circumstance of having paid the munificent sum of *un real* for the privilege of lying down blanketless upon an open bamboo floor one night while courting sleep some eight or ten feet above braying donkeys, squealing pigs and snarling dogs.

The soil of this portion of South America is wonderfully productive—unsurpassed by that of any other land. Apparently growing spontaneously were bananas, sweet potato, rice, maize, bread-fruit tree, indigo, cotton, cocoa, yam, manioc, sugar-cane, cocoanuts, pineapples, pomegranates, shaddocks, oranges, lemons, apricots, chirimoyas, pultas, granadillas, tunas, mangoes, pacays, tobacco, and scores of less important products. Tobacco seemed to be about the only thing cultivated, which was of superior quality. Though coffee bushes grew rankly and were covered with berries, no coffee could be had to drink; and yet one could get a cup of tea in almost any of the houses. But with an abundance of sugar-cane growing, and a rude sugar-mill beneath each house, there was no sugar in town with which to sweeten the tea. I was told that in the interior there were several species of cinchona trees as well as india-rubber, ebony and other valuable trees. Ecuador is a realm of great possibilities.

The *Sylph* having replenished the water casks, and procured a few hogs and a beef or two, put to sea May 27. With more than two hundred people on board the small-sized ship, all extremely anxious to get to their destination, a calm sea is an irksome condition; and before the welcome longitude of the “trades” was reached there were days of calms. With idle sails flapping against the masts, and tropic heat, began discontent and criticism, and occasionally some of the wiser of the passengers would give the ship’s officers dissertations upon navigation that undoubtedly astonished them. In these times, did the sportive black-fish frolic about the ship and first mate Tom Hussey would seize an “iron,” go upon the bow-sprit and plunge the harpoon into the porpoise with such force that the fish could not unloose it. . . .

June 21, latitude 15 degrees 55 minutes north, longitude 216 degrees west, the *Sylph* encountered a gale which tested her staunchness. Sail was shortened to double-reefed topsail and the ship was hove to. Her jib-boom, flying jib-boom and fore-topgallant mast were carried away, and every boat but one broken in pieces in their davits. It was difficult work to clear away the wreck as the vessel was upon beam end. The heavy spars were fastened by the rigging and were pounding against the sides of the ship, liable to stave it in, leaving no opportunity to escape. There was great confusion among the passengers, some praying and others taking the situation philosophically; but there were few who thought to see land again. The gale lasted thirty-seven hours and the ship was driven many miles off its course.

After all danger is past one is liable to be pleased with the experience. The first two hours of the blow there was no rain. This scribe went aloft and thought it enjoyable. The troubled waters were foaming upon every side as far as vision extended and, after nightfall, crowned with a phosphorescent light indescribably grand. One minute, the ship would arise upon the top of a mountainous wave and another minute be plunged into a deep chasm with immense walls of water upon each side from which it seemed impossible to arise again. The tempest was so severe that the waves were driven to the maximum height and the main yard was often submerged for several feet. A few hours after the wind began to blow hard, rain fell in torrents, and the impetus given each drop by the blast caused them to sting as though they were pebbles thrown from a sling-shot. Though appalling at the time of its occurrence, the remembrance of this storm after a lapse of more than a half century, seems like a pleasant dream. It required several days to get the ship in fair sailing trim again, when she was put upon her course and met with no further mishap.

Sundays there were religious services in which the seamen seemed more interested than the majority of the passengers, though it was diversion enjoyed by all. And when the Fourth of July came, Independence Day was celebrated in regulation style. George R. Parburt of Geneva, New York, delivered an able oration which was subsequently printed.³ A copy was deposited by the writer in the archives of the Society of California Pioneers for its preservation, but it went up in flame in the great disaster which destroyed San Francisco, April 18, 1906. Upon the occasion of that celebration all participants were sober by compulsion. There was liquor upon the ship, and some of the more frisky of the passengers anticipated having a "good time" on that day, but Captain Gardner, being somewhat puritanical and fearful of the creation of difficulties among the passengers by the use of too much rum, gave the supercargo strict orders that none be given out that day—which command was obeyed.

One circumstance cast a gloom over all. It was the death and burial at

sea of one of the passengers who had been a genial companion from the first—Corydon Bristol, of Troy, New York.⁴

It seemed a long time that we were out of sight of the pole-star, but the magnificent Southern Cross in full view of nights in a measure relieved the desire to gaze upon that part of the solar system with which we were most familiar; and yet universal gladness possessed all when Polaris again appeared upon the northern horizon, because it was a reminder that we were nearing our goal—California's golden shore.

Just before the close of day, July 21, the highlands of Monterey were sighted—the first land seen in fifty-five days—which occasioned much rejoicing, and at three o'clock the following morning the *Sylph* was at anchor on the bar near the entrance to the Golden Gate. It was so foggy that no attempt was made to enter the harbor until an outward bound vessel was boarded and Captain Gardner became sure of his bearings. So cautious, in fact, was he that he lay at anchor until the afternoon of the 26th, when upon the dissipation of the fog, and a favorable tide prevailing, entrance to the harbor was made—thus completing the voyage in seventy-eight days.

As the *Sylph* left her anchorage upon the bar and sailed quite near Seal Rocks, I shall never forget the commotion created among the seals and birds with which they were thronged, for a few of the passengers could not desist from shooting. It seemed as though every available foot of space upon the rocks had been occupied, and screaming birds blackened the sky, while I can only liken the rush of the seals into the water to the sight that would be produced by opening a bag of grain upon the apex of a pyramidal object and its precipitation down its sides to the base. The surface of the rocks became a moving mass of wriggling, maggoty-looking creatures until nearly all were in the water. The gray hills bordering Golden Gate—sandy on one side and sere with ripened vegetation on the other—at first did not favorably impress the newcomer who had been accustomed at this time of year to the greensward common to the rain-blessed East.

There were no wharves at San Francisco then, and the storm had left but one boat upon the ship. Captain Gardner had to make the first trip ashore to report to the customs authorities. He kindly permitted the writer and his father to accompany him, and with all their dunnage the twain were set on shore the same afternoon of the vessel's arrival. It was on Montgomery Street near Pacific—for it is a fact that the water during high tide *did* then "come up to Montgomery Street." *Vale* to the *Sylph*! A few years after landing her Argonauts she resumed her pursuit of the elusive whale and was wrecked somewhere in the Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO IN JULY, 1849

Ashore at San Francisco on a July afternoon, and just out of the tropics! Cold trade-winds blowing big guns with little or nothing to break their

force! Great sand dunes were piled over the landscape from ocean to bay, shifting their position before the stiff breeze as shifts dry snow before the mountain gale! The climate was chilly and disagreeable; not the sun-kissed shore we had anticipated. To some of the new-comers the golden land was a disappointment. I recall that one of the *Sylph's* passengers—Jason White, from Rhode Island—left San Francisco for home upon the first returning steamer. Eyes, ears, beard and all else were begrimed with sand from which there was no escape. One could get a meal, such as it was, for a dollar "up." For one dollar and a half a night one could hire the privilege of occupying a narrow canvas-bottomed bunk under a roof, but everyone furnished his own bedding. Two sleepless nights thus passed in a shack on Pacific Street were so long and uncomfortable that I yearned for the forsaken quarters of the afterdeck of a whaleship and its tropic warmth.

Numerous vessels were lying in the harbor, most of which had come with passengers. In the main they were deserted—those coming upon them, sailors as well as passengers, having made speed to the diggings. Some of these craft only had their sails clewed up—the crew not taking time to properly furl them after dropping anchor. I scanned the harbor carefully for the *Edalina*, but saw her not. I fully expected that in following up the coast she had reached California long before the *Sylph* which had sailed so far south; to a landsman seemingly out of her course. Had the little brigantine gone up the river to Sacramento? Perhaps so; but no information whatever could be had of her whereabouts, nor of the people who took passage upon her.

The markets of San Francisco at that time were well supplied with beef and it was comparatively cheap. In after times I learned the reason. Among the good men who came into the country then was a small percentage of bad ones who considered that the native Californians had no rights worthy of respect. Across the Bay of San Francisco—the Contra Costa—the Peralta and Castro families had large land grants from the Mexican Government rich in pasturage; and their plains and thousand hills were covered with many fat cattle. And from the Peralta and Castro herds "bad men" brought in boats to the meat shops many a fine beef which they had butchered without the owner's consent.

TO SACRAMENTO IN THE "SEA WITCH"

A few days of San Francisco weather surfeited me with the coast climate. The schooner *Sea Witch*, Captain H. B. Lewis, lay in the harbor scheduled to sail for Sacramento at four o'clock in the afternoon of July 28. Fare one ounce of gold. Unhesitatingly I took passage, for I had "come to California with my washbowl on my knee," and was in a hurry to get to the diggings. The *Sea Witch* was a staunch little craft, had made her way around Cape Horn, was a fast sailer, and went "like a streak" before that July zephyr which wafted across the Bay of San Francisco. Near Red Rock a United

States war vessel was stationed which hailed the schooner and made Captain Lewis tell the vessel's name and where she came from before she could proceed up the strait into San Pablo Bay. It then dawned upon my mind that the *Edalina* had not arrived, for the war ship was there to prevent the passage of foreign-built craft from navigating our inland waters. Before daylight the following morning we were in a decidedly warmer climate than that prevailing upon the coast, in a region swarming with mosquitoes.

Besides my father and self were many other passengers—all who could find room, in fact, most of whom were bound for "the mines." John Bidwell was there—an employe at Sutter's Fort who had been for several days at San Francisco—and he detailed to an inquisitive audience much information, and among other matters how a "city" had been surveyed at the embarcadero named "Sacramento," and explained its numerically and alphabetically designated streets. There were a dozen or more Chinese who attracted much attention by their customs—all then queer to us Occidentals. There were men who had been employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, Oregonians, Sydneyites and others, the whole forming a distinctively cosmopolitan crowd. On the vessel I became acquainted with E. T. Mendenhall and wife, and with two men named respectively Atwood and McLeod. Mr. Mendenhall was from Oregon, where he had been a schoolteacher. Atwood was also from Oregon but later from Sonora where he had spent the past winter after mining on the Stanislaus River in the fall of 1848. McLeod had for many years been an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company and was an experienced mountaineer. Mrs. Mendenhall had an infant daughter in arms, named Elvira Ellen, who afterward became the wife of Mr. Angwin of Lajot Ranch, Howell Mountain, Napa County. Each of these newly found acquaintances—Mendenhall, Atwood and McLeod—having worked in the mines successfully the previous fall were classed as "old miners" and their seductive tales of easily acquired wealth induced my father and self to accompany them, to which they had no objections but seemed rather pleased than otherwise.

The *Sea Witch* made a quick passage and it was not long after landing when Mr. Mendenhall found a teamster whom he had known in Oregon who agreed to haul our freight to the place he intended going. Large sycamore trees then lined the river-front abreast of the infant city of Sacramento; deep sloughs creased its site whose beds were a bramble of grapevines, blackberry bushes and other undergrowth, while big white oak trees bearing heavy crops of long slim acorns dotted the space between these depressions.

With the schooner made fast to convenient trees, and the precipitous bank where moored, it was little work to fetch things ashore. Water in the river was clear and deep and many fish could be seen. The first night after landing was passed in camp close to the river. There were a number of tents around us. Judge the surprise of father and myself upon discovering

that the one nearest us was occupied by people whom we had known in New York State—a Doctor McIntyre and wife. In the East both had been devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church (of which father was also a member) but who had “gone West” and joined the Latter Day Saints. The Doctor had been a surgeon in the Mormon Battalion during the Mexican War. As Mormonism was not very well understood then by myself I was perhaps unduly curious to know from such authority certain particulars relating to the customs of the Saints, as follows: “Mrs. McIntyre, is it true that the Mormons practice polygamy?” And she unhesitatingly said “No.” Having known her to be a truthful woman, it was years thereafter that I was satisfied she was in error. And to this day I believe that up to that time both she and her husband had been hoodwinked in some manner by the Mormon hierarchy.

FROM SACRAMENTO TO THE MINES

The greater part of the forenoon succeeding our arrival at Sacramento was devoted to procuring an outfit for the mines. We needed provisions, picks, shovels, rocker and pan—everything. And we had no money by this time, or so little that it did not count toward paying for what we required. Besides the teamster's charge was thirty-five cents a pound freight to our objective point. There were numerous merchants with goods in tents and in the open scattered promiscuously. We explained the financial condition to the teamster, who said it was all right, that he would trust us until he made another trip. Then we approached a merchant, unrobed our impecuniosity, and he smiled—telling us to order whatever he had that we wanted and to pay for it when we could. And we took a goodly supply, and the merchant took no note. I mention these circumstances to show the temper of the times. The teamster was paid upon his next trip, and the merchant the first time we saw him which was in the month of October, 1851. When we called to pay him he had forgotten the amount of his due, did not remember our name, and could with difficulty recall the transaction. The amount we paid was several hundred dollars. I am sorry to be unable to record his name, but I have forgotten it.

Loading our effects upon the wagon drawn by only two animals, we started from Sacramento that day over a very dusty street all along which people were constructing shacks, erecting tents, felling large oaks and blasting their trunks, which threw kindling wood dangerously in all directions. Reaching Sutter's Fort (then seemingly a long distance from the embarcadero) a short halt was made while we went inside to see the historic structure. Captain Sutter was there and received us cordially. Leaving there we traveled several miles and camped for the night amid small-sized scattering oaks, upon the dry hard earth covered with dry forage, quite warm from the heat of the summer sun. There were seven of us in the party exclusive

of the child, and all messed together. There were four animals—the wagon team, and Atwood and McLeod had a saddle animal each. After supper the horses were securely picketed and caution taken to bring saddles, harness and everything else close to where we were to sleep for protection from coyotes, which were numerous and barking and galloping around fearlessly before dark. Notwithstanding the caution, however, the sneaking creatures did carry off several articles during the night.

Starting early the following morning, we reached Alder Creek about noon, to which place Atwood and McLeod, being mounted, had preceded the others and halted for lunch. The progress of the wagon was slow, the road new, the dust deep, making our well-loaded vehicle difficult for two animals to pull. No one rode in the wagon but Mrs. Mendenhall and child. I had not walked far before trouble began, having been on ship board more than two and a half months with little exercise. My outfit included an excellent pair of home-made kipskin boots with long legs—the pride of the York State artist who had constructed them, and which were to last me as long as I remained in the mines—which until now I had never worn. The deep dust under the summer sun was extremely hot, which heated the leather and burned my tender feet. They swelled and became so painful that I could not endure them. So I cut the boot tops off and slit the instep down until I thought I had a tolerable pair of shoes. Using them for a time I found they would fill with dust, gravel and dry “stickers” that made them worse than before. In that dilemma I discarded them entirely and traveled with nothing upon my feet but woolen socks—all the time with feet painfully sore.

Alder Creek, which is but a few miles below the present town of Folsom, was then a beautiful little stream of clear water. The gorge in which it flowed was quite deep, the little valley studded with alder trees, grapevines, blackberry bushes and other undergrowth. One can hardly realize its condition then from its present appearance—full of mining debris, timber destroyed, surrounding landscape scarred by the operations of gold gatherers, and water, where any is to be seen, a streak of yellow slum.

A short distance above Alder Creek we turned northerly and crossed the American River. It must have been near a locality afterward known as Mississippi Bar. The stream there was wide and the water did not come much, if any, above the hubs of the wagon wheels. The water was perfectly clear, and in fording a pedestrian's only difficulty was in slipping upon the cobbles with which the bed of the stream was thickly strewn. That night we camped at Rock Spring (now in Placer County), where a family of Mormons, having a blue tent, were located. During the day numerous coyotes, immense flocks of quail and an occasional antelope were seen.

About ten o'clock the following morning, August 2, 1849, we arrived at the “diggings”—North Fork Dry Diggings, then so called—where now is

the site of Auburn, Placer County. There were only three or four tents there, and perhaps a half dozen men. The men were casting gravel from the beds of ravines to be washed in rockers later when the rain brought water, there not then being a sufficient quantity for that purpose. As a halt was made here for lunch and resting the animals, I had time to examine some of the dirt piles which had been thrown up, and in doing so discovered several small pieces of gold—the first I ever saw in gravel.

Leaving the North Fork Dry Diggings (later sometimes called Wood's) and traveling up the ridge between the North Fork of the American and Bear River, the country became rougher and more heavily timbered. In reality we were in mountains and the gold-yielding region of California. When night approached we camped in a small valley surrounded by hills covered with sugar pines, spruce and cedar, with a sprinkling of oaks of several varieties, manzanitas, etc. I was much impressed with the long cones of the sugar pines, and obtained a quantity of sugar which had formed upon the trunks of the trees where they had been burned deeply.

Early the following day we arrived at the place where Mr. Mendenhall was later to locate, and where he subsequently remained many years—first as a trader and hotel keeper, and later as a lumberman. It was then known as Alder Grove or Upper Corral—having been given the former name because of a clump of large alder trees surrounding a fine spring of water, and the latter name because, being at the end of wagon transportation upon the ridge and where goods going farther up must be transferred from wagon to pack animals, to secure the latter a large corral had been constructed of poles set in the ground forming a stockade. The location is from one-half to three-quarters of a mile below the present town of Colfax on the Central Pacific Railroad. It was the terminus of our journey by wagon.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD

After resting several days, Atwood, McLeod, my father and myself proceeded mountainward in search of "big chunks" of gold—the "old miners" declaring that we would most likely find them near the sources of the streams on the high Sierras! The theory of these "old miners" of '48 was that as the gold of the river bars was not very coarse, but mostly fine and scaly, by going into the mountains near the source of the streams, gold in large chunks would be found. And I, a "tenderfoot," who had never dug a pennyweight of gold in my life, nor even seen any dug before starting out upon this expedition, had no reason to doubt their judgment and journeyed on with them until we reached the junction of Blue Canyon with the North Fork of the American River.

We had "panned" upon many bars as progress was made up stream, and many times my comrades pronounced the yields to range from twenty-five cents to one dollar and a half to the pan. But this was composed of

scaly gold and did not seem big enough for them, and as a rule would be looked upon rather contemptuously and tossed back from whence it came. We could not at all times follow the bed of the stream as we occasionally encountered gorges where the water filled the entire space, with bare walls of rock of great height upon both sides. One of these, I think, is now called Giant Gap. Upon such occasions we would have to climb very steep slopes which bordered the streams and travel several tedious miles until the crest of the "divide" was reached.

Upon reaching the river again after passing this stupendous gorge we were in a valley much larger than any other we had seen since entering the foothills. It was a pretty place—ideal for one weary with travel, and I hoped in my heart my companions might here find the "big chunks" they were seeking and thus end our toilsome journey. Unscarred by pick and shovel, untouched by the cruel axe, with water clear as crystal and cool enough to satisfy the thirstiest palate, abundant forage for our jaded pack animals, and a delightful climate, I longed to remain there indefinitely. Large-sized salmon could be seen in the clear waters of the river, as well as several other varieties of the finny tribe.

In looking around we found a large camp of Indians near where Blue Canyon united with the North Fork, and were looked upon by them with unfriendly glances. They did not camp upon the river bottom, but as was their custom, as I afterward learned, made their abode upon a ridge several hundred feet above because it was warmer there at night. They were there to gather pine nuts from the sugar pine trees that grew upon the ridges, to catch and dry salmon, and to collect other food for consumption during the coming winter. The sugar pine bears an immense cone—some of them nearly two feet long. These were obtained with difficulty, an Indian climbing and using a pole to knock the cones off which grew upon the extreme ends of the limbs. The trees being very large were not easy to climb, and the work of gathering the cones was not speedy. Upon securing the cones they would be scorched over a fire which performed the double service of consuming the pitch which hung in globules on the outside and opening the scales holding the nuts and allowing their easy extraction.

At the lower end of Green Valley (as we called this little nook) we were agreeably surprised to find six white men, two or three of whom were acquaintances of our whilom Hudson's Bay Company employe, as all of them had been in the same employment, having left Vancouver's Island upon hearing of the discovery of gold in California. They were working in the bed of the stream, having a "wing dam." They were taking out some gold, and it was quite coarse, but it did not come up to the standard of "chunks" such as my companions desired. Consultations with these men, and exploration for a week, did not improve conditions from the standpoint of prosperity as anticipated by those with whose fortunes I had

joined, and it was decided to retrace our steps, which we did and went up on Bear River but three or four miles from the present town of Colfax.

MINING ON BEAR RIVER

We began digging and washing gravel on a bar on Bear River, and although our rockers were of the rudest kind we obtained from one to three ounces of gold each a day, but this did not satisfy the greed of my comrades. After working for about three weeks, two of them started for Feather River, and the last I heard from them, the following summer, was that they had joined the Saunders [Stoddard?] procession for Gold Lake—a mythical habitat of golden boulders in the mountains above Downieville. The other partner had a strain of “commercialism” in his makeup, for he went up on the divide not far away to a place then called variously Upper Corral (being the head of wagon transportation), Alder Grove (there being a spring beside which grew a number of alder trees), and later Illinois-town, the site of which is within a mile of Colfax. There he established a “trading post,” remaining until after the railroad came, was a prominent business man, and acquired much wealth by connection with the firm of Sisson, Wallace & Company during the construction of the Central Pacific railroad. Years afterward, and the last time I saw him we met casually upon a street in San Francisco. Although long years had elapsed since we had seen each other, and time had wrought its changes, the recognition was mutual. He was accompanied by his wife. Our greeting was cordial. In introducing me to his wife he instinctively said: “He and I fought Indians together.” A few years later I saw a notice in the newspapers of his passing.

Thus I was left alone on Bear River. I thought, as the gold I was accumulating daily was so much more than I had ever made before, and of itself would soon amount to a respectable “pile,” that to leave such diggings for untried parts would be an unwise move; therefore I wrought on alone. But oh, how awfully lonesome it was for a while, for the locality was off the line of general travel, and about the only white man I saw was an occasional straggling soldier deserting Camp Far West,⁵ a military post situated on the plain at the debouchure of Bear River into the great valley of the Sacramento.

But this period of loneliness was not to be of long duration. An “immigrant road” leading from Truckee River across the Sierra Nevada struck the headwaters of Bear River and entered the valley via Steep Hollow, and over this route immigrants to California across the plains began to swarm. Many of them worn by travel, ill from alkaline water and improper food, upon reaching the foothill region of the “western slope” preferred to tarry at favorable localities where they could recruit themselves and rest their jaded animals. And thus it came to pass that four or five miles from where I was at work quite a recruiting colony located for the nonce calling it

"Finley's Camp," in honor of one of their number who had captained a party across the plains and first made it a stopping place.

Some of these people wandered to the river and came to the "bar" where I was working, and upon learning the situation from them I visited their camp and made many acquaintances. They were all eager to learn about the gold diggings, particularly from one engaged in that business, as well as learn something about Sacramento City, the principal objective point of all, and having then been several months in the country, I was often the object of an inquisitive and seemingly admiring crowd. I gave them what information I possessed, and when asked, such advice as I thought beneficial. To those who came to dig gold I said "go no further into the valley, but seek the streams north or south, upon any of which could be gathered with a little experience an ounce or more of gold daily." To others I said "go to Sacramento." Opinions were divided. Companies that had organized east of the Mississippi River and journeyed across the plains expecting to cling together at "the mines" and divide profits, began to disintegrate, some going one way and others another way.

VAN WORMER BECOMES MY PARTNER

There was one man in Finley's Camp to whom I had taken a singular liking and the fancy seemed mutual. He was quite ill, suffering from a complaint brought on by the too free use of alkaline water—an illness very common in the camp. He was several years older than myself and very anxious to get to digging gold. I told him when convalescent he might go to the bar where I was working and either become a partner with me or work for himself, as there was plenty of vacant ground. For several weeks I set for myself a daily stent of digging and washing in a rocker one hundred buckets of auriferous gravel, and after accomplishing that to visit Finley's Camp. My newly found acquaintance seemed to take courage at my offer and convalesced rapidly. The more I saw of him the more I became impressed with his manhood; and finally, when he became strong enough to work he came to the bar, looked over the condition and decided to accept my offer and become my mining partner, insisting that he pay half the value of my rocker and other things I had in use. Upon trial I found him a much better worker than myself, very anxious to accumulate a "pile" and return to "the States" where he had left a wife and two boys—one of six and one of four years of age—in comfortable circumstances. His name was Martin Van Wormer, and his home was Kane County, Illinois.

Besides being a splendid worker Van Wormer was an adept woodsman, skilled in the use of firearms of that period, and as good a marksman as any person I had ever seen handling a gun. Without loss of time in our mining operations he kept our camp well supplied with venison and other

wild meat. In every way he was honest, genial and industrious, and each day we were together I became more and more attached to him.

In the bar we were working was a stratum of gravel next to bedrock about four feet thick which yielded with great regularity about twenty-five cents to the pan. As we had learned to work systematically our sacks of gold materially increased in size with the passing days. Doing well, both were jovial, and Van Wormer was particularly happy in anticipation of the time when he would again meet his wife and boys about whom he never tired of talking, but from whom he had never heard since starting upon his long and dangerous trip across the plains.

Not knowing what was before us when winter would come, we frequently discussed what we should do after the rainy season set in. The first rain fell October 8; then about the 12th another rainy day, and thence on until the middle of November the weather was clear, crisp and cool, with frosty mornings, and altogether glorious. Then rain came down in torrents, water became high in the streams, covered our diggings, and we decided to "light out" for higher ground. A week of idleness was all that Van Wormer could endure, and having heard nothing from home, he determined to go to Sacramento to the post office and if he found no letters there to start upon the first steamer for home. So, in the last week of November, he "packed" for the journey, having but one horse. Behind the saddle were strapped his blankets and a few articles of clothing, while across the saddle were saddlebags containing six oyster cans filled with gold dust—the whole making a very respectable load without a rider. The ground being soft made a very unpleasant ride; the animal mired frequently and Van, gun on shoulder, was compelled to lead it most of the trip. I accompanied him to Auburn (then just given that name), starting early in the morning from the place later named Illinoistown, and reaching the former place late in the day. Distance perhaps eighteen miles, but a tedious day's travel. The following day I bade my partner farewell, he agreeing to join me again if he ever came to the mines. To be frank, I never thought I should meet him again, and, in the light of subsequent events, I am sorry I ever did, as the pathetic sequel will disclose.

A VISIT TO SACRAMENTO

I remained at Auburn about two weeks, "crevicing" in the ravines most of the time with fair success, intending to go up the divide when favorable weather prevailed, but as snow had fallen to considerable depth where I intended to go, I decided to take a trip to San Jose and Monterey and spend the remainder of the winter at one or both these places—the former named pueblo then being the Territorial Capital. While prospecting in the vicinity of Auburn I met a young man named Buttman, from Beverly, Massachusetts, who had left that place as first mate of a ship coming to

San Francisco via Cape Horn. Knowing that I was about to go to the lower country, he requested me to take some letters to his friends, saying his father, John G. Butman, was Captain of the bark *San Francisco* then lying at Sacramento, which also had sailed around the Horn from Beverly.

Upon reaching the vicinity of Sacramento I left my animal at Sutter's Fort, and upon going into town was attracted by a sign upon a building on K Street bearing the names, "Huntington & Hammond." (This firm later became Huntington & Hopkins.) Now, away back in my more youthful days, at Oneonta, Otsego County, State of New York, I had known two men of that name, familiarly called "Coll" Huntington and "Dan" Hammond, who had married sisters. Could it be they? I will see, is what I said mentally, and getting into the store learned that the men were the same. I was greeted cordially, and learning that I had just come from "the mines," both proprietors invited me to make their place of business my stopping place while in Sacramento, which I did.

The following day I went on board the vessel named by the young mate I had met at Auburn, met his father the captain, and delivered the letters. The "old man" was mighty glad to hear from his son, treated my royally with lunch and New England rum, and also invited me to stay on board ship while there. A couple of hours, however, was as long as I remained, all the while answering all sorts of questions about "the mines."

VAN WORMER'S TRAGIC ADVENTURE

Parting with the captain on deck, while walking down the gang plank to shore, my attention was attracted by a whale-boat moored to the bank in which were two men trimming its load apparently for a trip somewhere. A thought struck me that they might be getting ready to go to San Francisco and if so I might engage passage with them. With this thought I walked down the river to the boat, and to my surprise as well as delight found one of the men to be Van Wormer. The other was a boy about sixteen years old—Peter Stanley by name. Van Wormer had found letters at Sacramento from home which informed him that all were well there, and that he had no cause to worry about anything. Greatly relieved in mind at this, he exchanged his gold dust for convertible paper and remitted his earnings to his wife with the intention of again going with me to complete working out the bar when favorable climatic conditions obtained, and he was as much delighted thus unexpectedly to meet me as I was to come across him. He explained that after transacting his business in Sacramento curiosity impelled him to visit the various stores, shops and markets, and in doing so he became very much interested in those where wild game was abundant. In these were ducks, geese, curlew, swan, quail, antelope, deer, and elk; and wanting something to occupy his time until he could go to the diggings again, why not hunt for the market? He so decided, bought the boat and

outfittings, and had already made one successful trip and was just making preparations for the second one. And wouldn't I go with him? It did not take me very long to decide that I would.

Going to Sutter's Fort I arranged for the keeping of my horse until my return, and took a few "traps" away to be left with Huntington & Hammond—among which was a buckskin bag containing forty pounds of gold dust. My blankets were carried to the boat; ammunition bought; salt pork and "hardtack," coffee and sugar were provided for the trip. Among the articles of "hardware" then kept on sale by Huntington & Hammond was whiskey. I had a canteen which held a half gallon, and not wanting to take it away empty, C. P. H. (subsequently the great railroad magnate) considerably filled it with his own hands from a barrel on tap in the store. Our firearms would be laughed at in these modern times. Van's gun was a long rifle; mine a Government "yager," both muzzle-loaders. Both had old-time dragoon pistols, single-barreled muzzle-loading, carrying an ounce ball. These were more effective than the "Allen pepper-boxes," the revolvers then most in vogue. The boy had no gun; he was to remain by the boat. The second day after meeting Van Wormer we started upon our trip up the Sacramento River, fearless and hopeful.

The river was running bank full; many places overflowed; the current swift. It was laborious work for us three not very skillful oarsmen to propel the boat upstream. Van said his objective point was a large lake lying near the eastern shore of the river above "Ox-Bow Bend." It took two days to get there, and sure enough, there was an extensive body of water, apparently a big lake. Upon it, and flying in all directions around it, were myriads of waterfowl—ducks of many varieties, geese and brant of different kinds, swans, pelicans, cormorants, cranes, bitterns, coots, gulls and other fowls of unknown name to me. All around the "lake" were tules, and in many places the tops of tules could be seen projecting above the surface of the water, indicative of its lower stage at other times. Between this body of water and the river was a narrow ridge of land mostly covered with a growth of oak, cottonwood, willow and sycamore trees, amidst which was a matted jungle of grape and blackberry vines which, with other shrubbery, made it very difficult to penetrate. This slightly elevated ridge seemed to be exempt from overflow, while next to the normal bank of river in low water was a timbered bottom land then inundated. Upon the "ridge" was an occasional clear spot, and once in a while occurred a slight trail crossing the thicket from river to lake apparently made by elk and other animals.

Digressing from my reminiscences, here I will state that years afterward curiosity impelled me to return to that locality to see if I could recognize the place. It was in the fall of the year before any rain had come. I decided that "Ox-Bow Bend" is now known as Gray's Bend, and the "lake" is a large tract of land lying just above where Feather River unites with the

Sacramento, beginning opposite Knight's Landing and extending northerly towards the Marysville Buttes many miles. At the time I made this examination I drove a team across the bed of this "lake" and found it to be as pretty a tract of farming land as the most fastidious granger would desire to see. William H. Parks, of Marysville, was at that time leveeing a large portion of it hoping to keep off the water and thus make possible its cultivation.

Not many days passed before we had all the wild fowl we wanted, and also had the carcasses of two elk we had killed, and although our boat was fairly loaded, Van Wormer insisted upon adding a bear to its cargo. In his mind nothing else would complete the variety, and as we would, according to calculations, arrive at Sacramento in time to place our stock on sale the day before Christmas, Van's desire was acceded to, and we would spend a day hunting bear, having seen plenty of signs of Bruin in the trail and open places. Van was sure that by beating the brush we could easily arouse one or more. He wanted me to remain on the ridge where there was a small open place while he would go into the thicket, hoping to get a favorable shot immediately upon starting the quarry, and if he did the animal would be secured. For a time I could hear Van forcing his way through the underbrush, but not for many minutes. I paced backward and forward over the little stretch of open ground which I occupied, eagerly awaiting the sound of his gun. It was a full hour before I heard it, and I was congratulating myself that Van's unerring marksmanship had brought down a bear, when breaking brush at the head of the little opening where I was, not more than thirty yards away, apprised me that something was coming, and the next instant an enormous grizzly bear leaped into the open and headed directly for me. Oh, how huge he looked and so spry! There was no time for retreat. My "yager" instinctively flew to my shoulder. I do not know whether I took aim or not, but I fired. The atmosphere was damp; the black powder I used in the gun made a dense smoke, and I saw nothing. But I realized something had hit me, for prone on the ground I lay dazed, and with a sense of soreness in my head. Before I had pulled myself together, Van was upon the scene and helped me to arise. My gun was lying several feet away with its stock broken. In my right hand tightly clasped was my hunting knife. Its point for about two inches was bloody, and to the guard were clinging several brownish gray hairs three or four inches long. I soon recovered sufficiently to canvass the situation with Van, and came to the conclusion that when the bear struck at me, my gun being in my left hand, I was hit by it; it being driven against the side of my face and head, as a long bruised mark indicated. As to the knife, I had no remembrance of drawing it or of using it. I must have pulled it from its scabbard immediately upon firing my gun and struck out at random at the same moment the bear hit me. Meantime what had become of the bear? Had it received any other wound but the scratch I gave it with my knife? Neither of us knew.

My bruises amounted to nothing, but I felt a little sore and fain would have postponed bear hunting for the day, but about four o'clock in the afternoon Van determined to find the track of the bear and follow it up, thinking he might kill it before dark. I could not dissuade him from doing so, and without fear he plunged into the thicket. Time sped on until an hour had passed and he gave no sign. It was nearly dark and I shouted to the boy in the boat to fetch a shotgun, which at intervals I discharged. Still no sound from Van. I built a fire and continued firing off the gun at intervals all night. At daylight I sent the boy up the river three or four miles where there was another hunting party camped, to ask them to come and assist in the search, as I was satisfied some accident had befallen my comrade. They came—four of them—and we went into the brush. We clambered through it, five abreast as near as possible, and when night overtook us not a single trace of the man had we found. True, we had startled a number of bears and some elk, but none of the former that had been wounded. It was the twenty-second day of December, and we searched two days longer, until the evening of the 24th, and yet no trace of Van Wormer or of the big grizzly bear he probably followed to his death. Regretfully we abandoned the search, believing he had unexpectedly encountered the bear, that it had been wounded, that man and beast had embraced in a death struggle near the bank, and that both had fallen into the water and together drowned. And that was the probable fate of Martin Van Wormer.

While this search was progressing the game in the boat spoiled. On Christmas morning the boy and myself threw our boatload into the river, cast the vessel loose and drifted down the stream. It was a melancholy Christmas, and its remembrance has cast a gloom over me at each anniversary of the day ever since, which no merriment of youth or age has ever been able to dispel.

The evening of December 26 we arrived at Sacramento. I left the boat and contents to the boy, telling him to do whatever he pleased with the property, abandoned my trip to San Jose and Monterey, and went back to the mines—but never again to the bar where Van Wormer and I had worked. I intended to write to his wife, but knowing the address only as "Kane County, Illinois," I never did, and I presume to this day his people do not know of his fate. His passing occurred a long time ago, and if his wife is still living she must be near eighty-five years old, while the "boys" are gray-haired men having little remembrance of their father. As to myself, I am an octogenarian, a member of the Society of California Pioneers. I still have the knife that punctured the bear. While memory lasts I can never forget the pathetic event above recited, and there are times even now after the passage of so many eventful years when in my sleep fancy brings vividly before me the picture of an athletic man combating a monstrous beast, and the sound of splashing water, which awakens me with startling suddenness and causes

me to arise to shake off the horrible dream, while "cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh."

CHASING INDIANS WITH ANTON DOUGHERTY

April, 1850, came. The snow in the neighborhood of Illinoistown was gone, the weather had become warmer and some vegetation began to peep above ground. As no Indians had been seen by the inhabitants recently south of Bear River nearly all of the horses owned by them had been turned loose to forage for themselves, there being little to feed them if kept up, while outside was a little grass, and an abundance of acorns yet covered the ground beneath the numerous oak trees, which the animals had learned to eat with avidity and apparent relish.

We had been released from our involuntary servitude as innkeepers and small merchants by the sale of our tenements, could again strike out as free miners, and felt our freedom, and enjoyed it too, to its fullest degree. We would outfit for the mines again and set forth. So one morning, having yet two saddle animals confined, a young Irishman named Anton Dougherty and I started out upon them to round up the other animals. We had been out less than an hour, down the ridge to the west, where we supposed we would find the stock we were in search of, before we came upon indisputable "signs" of Indians. As the ground was soft we could not urge our animals to a fast gait, but it was not long before we found where the Indians had assembled a dozen or more animals in a little valley and started them toward Bear River. Although there were but two of us, and I was the only one armed with a rifle, we followed their trail. Our progress was so slow that when we reached Bear River the Indians had succeeded in killing all the animals and cutting up the carcasses and escaping across the stream, leaving upon the south side only the head of one of Pierson's large team horses.

We then returned to Illinoistown, reported our day's adventure to the residents, and the following day my father, Dougherty and myself, with only two animals, left Illinoistown, while Pierson and others started out to punish the Indians, and a war was kept up with them lasting several weeks.

A word about Anton Dougherty. He had come to California from the City of New York, where he had been a clerk. Arriving here and not finding congenial employment in the cities, he had wandered to the mines, and by the time he reached our place was a forlorn little fellow, dead broke. I took a fancy to him, supplied his wants, gave him money, and upon this occasion took him to Sacramento where he got a job; he was grateful and promised to remember me, but I never met him afterward.

SACRAMENTO AND A FRACTIOUS MULE

Two animals to carry all our dunnage was too scant transportation, and upon our arrival at Auburn my father thought best to remain there and

await my return from Sacramento, to which place Dougherty and I went for a more complete outfit, taking with us the two animals.

Ten miles below Auburn, or less, we came upon an entrancing scene—Nature unscarred in California. The indigenous trees and shrubbery in blossom, park-like and open, a heavy growth of alfilaria and burr clover, with other grasses knee high, and numerous varieties of wild flowers upon all sides as far as eye could reach. And then there were birds and wild animals: antelopes, coyotes, ground squirrels galore, quail, large white-headed eagles, road runners, vultures, magpies and others.

We did not arrive at the American River until the forenoon of the second day from Auburn, and crossed the stream by ferry boat affixed to a rope fastened to trees upon both sides of the river and propelled mainly by the current, the ferry belonging to Sutter and operated by some of his employees. We landed perhaps a mile from Sutter's Fort, and went into camp not far from it and near some tan vats which were used for tanning hides. There were other campers there, as feed was plentiful for animals. Then it was two or three miles walk from the Fort to the business center of Sacramento City, which place was largely a city of cloth houses. But it was a busy place, however. The citizens were preparing for an election of city officials, and when it came off in a day or two no American vote was challenged, and I walked up to the polls as though I was a permanent resident.

As my purchases required a pack animal, I bought a mule. It was a broncho. It was before I had seen the *caballeros* of California tame their steeds and I knew nothing of "bucking" stock. When I came to saddle my mule he was restive and it was only accomplished by blinding the animal. I had plenty of help from other campers, and when the beast was once saddled it was proposed that it be ridden to tame it. There being no volunteers, I, the owner, essayed the job. Two men with lariats held the animal, one upon each side. I mounted and the blinder was taken off the mule's eyes. And then! Oh, you should have seen the "bucking"! I was taken unawares. I had never before seen anything of the kind. The mule's head went down, its nose touching the ground and its heels went up straight into the air, as I thought. I hung on until one of the straps broke, leaving only one foot to hang on by. It looked serious and was I getting scared? No, only tired. So, when its nose again touched ground and heels were very high, I gave a great spring over the creature's ears and landed some distance in front upon all fours with many curious rents in my trousers and much pain from the jar in landing. If it had not been for the men holding the mule with the lariats, I think it would have jumped upon me and "done" me up. That was an experience, my first; from which I benefitted. But I "tamed" the mule by packing it with a load of two hundred and fifty pounds, the next day, and not taking its pack off until I arrived at Auburn. Ever after that, as long as I owned it, it was "gentle," and did me good service in the mountains.

REUNION WITH THE "EDALINA'S" GANARGWANS

My father was anxiously awaiting my arrival at Auburn, which town was then thronged with gold seekers, from some of whom he had become enthused by their extravagant recitals of rich diggings upon the streams above. He and I, following scores of others, at once set out for a higher altitude, going to Todds Valley, Michigan Bluffs and intervening places, prospecting with unsatisfactory results. The water in the rivers was too high, covering the bars, so that it was impossible to work in the manner to which we were accustomed, the huge hills in the gold-bearing gravel looked too formidable for us to attack, snowstorms were frequent, and we had made up our minds to return to lower and more comfortable regions, when a pleasant surprise greeted us. Passing a tent, we heard voices inside which seemed familiar, and upon investigating found the occupants to be seven of our old companions from Newark, members of the Ganargwa Mining Company who had sailed out of the harbor of Panama in the brigantine *Edalina*, leaving us behind. It was a joyous meeting, surprising to all, and a great relief as well. Of course, we united once again. We had no fatted calf to feast upon, but I killed a few grouse, then plentiful around Michigan Bluff, and we had a feast that supplemented the usual slapjacks and bacon. It goes without saying that these reunited people kept pretty close together the following several days, and that many questions were asked and answered. We twain learned the fate of our little brigantine, the *Edalina*, and the confiscation of the vessel and all the mining outfit of the Ganargwa Mining Company, and the struggle of its passengers who had to get to California from the Nicaraguan port of Realejo—too pathetic a tale to be recited in these reminiscences, and too lengthy.

Our comrades had arrived in San Francisco late in the fall on the bark *Olga*, which luckily for them had come into the port of Realejo for fresh water and supplies. Previous to its arrival, however, they had boarded another vessel bound for San Francisco, but which had been struck by lightning in port, disabling the craft and killing one man. From San Francisco they had managed to get to Sacramento and thence to Mormon Island. About three miles above the latter place at McDowell Hill they found a dry ravine running to the South Fork of the American, which seemed to them to prospect well in gold, and as it was near the rainy season when water would soon enable them to use rockers, they set about building a cabin and working in the ravine. The gold-bearing earth was shallow; it paid well, and each member of the party accumulated several thousand dollars in gold dust by the time the little gulch had been "worked out." It was then springtime; tales of big gold and better diggings in the mountains were prevalent, and "the boys," like my father and myself, had by fortuitous circumstances become united at Michigan Bluff, where we prospected for several days



ON THE ROAD TO THE MINES



ENCAMPING FOR THE NIGHT

(From the Dutch edition of Ryan's *Adventures in California*, reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Carl Hoffman.)

and finding the diggings in that whole locality so much more laborious to work, concluded we would again go to our old haunts and work there.

MINING NEAR NEVADA CITY

Arriving at Auburn, we heard of the immense riches of Deer Creek, which reminded me of the notice the Higgins brothers had sent me to Illinoistown of their having located a claim for me in that vicinity, and to the Deer Creek country we went. I found the Higgins boys without difficulty and saw the claim they had located for me, but only a few days before our arrival upon the ground they had been compelled by force of public opinion and miners' rules to surrender the ground to others, for which they were very sorry, but with which I could find no fault.

That claim was twenty feet along the bed of a little gulch called Gold Run, on the south side of Deer Creek, into which stream it debouched, nearly opposite Nevada City. The bed of the little gulch appeared like a garden plat before disturbed by the gold hunters. There was about three feet of black, fertile soil covered by dense vegetation; under this was about two feet of soft yellowish "grit" lousy with fine gold. The black earth was thrown aside and the gold-bearing "grit" washed in rockers. I saw for a half-day's result, in a number of claims, a half-pint tin cup full of gold. But Nevada City had just sprung into life, just across Deer Creek, less than a mile away, and other chances were at hand.

My companions and I went down Deer Creek a couple of miles, crossed the stream where a canyon entered it from the north, going up which only a short distance we found a hole in its bed about five feet deep. One of us jumped into it, and after throwing out a quantity of leaves and sticks which had been blown in by the wind, dug a pan full of gravel, which upon washing yielded a dollar and a half, the gold being much coarser than that of Gold Run. The ravine was not very long; we located it all, made our camp there immediately and began work. In three weeks' time we thought we had it "worked out," and for our labor had about three thousand dollars cash. The gold was coarse—the only coarse gold I had seen in the locality about Nevada City. The largest piece we found weighed seven and a half ounces, and numerous pieces from one ounce to three ounces. In after times that gulch was called Nevada's Ravine.

In about a month we had thought we had "worked out" this ravine, and went thence immediately upon the site of Nevada City proper. There were many small ravines and all were rich. We sank many shallow holes upon the ridges intervening between those little gulches and invariably found gold in fair quantity when nearing the bed rock, but the gold was fine and the earth had to be carried some distance to Deer Creek to be worked in rockers, as there were then no ditches to carry water immediately where its use was required. Before we left Nevada City, however, some Georgians who had

had experience in gold washing in their native State brought in a small ditch and began ground sluicing, the first method we had seen for gold washing other than by rocker.

THE GOLD LAKE HOAX AND AFTERWARDS

After prospecting about this locality for two or three weeks a party arrived there bound for a place which they called Gold Lake, said to be in the mountains some distance above Downieville, where gold was reported to be lying on the shore and could be seen on its bottom like pebbles, and could be gathered up in inexhaustible quantities. This party was led by a man [J. R. Stoddard] who declared himself to be the discoverer.⁶ He was undoubtedly a monomaniac. Had he been sane, doubtless the eager men who had been deceived by him would have dealt summarily with him on arriving at the goal he pointed out and finding no gold.

It was a motley crowd, this one following a crazy man into the mountains in search of a spot where golden pebbles were to be found lying over the ground. They had a fat ox which was well loaded with blankets and provisions which they intended to kill and consume its flesh after arrival at their objective terminal.

It was several days after they had passed Nevada City before our party decided to leave. Our first day's journey was some eight to twelve miles up the ridge above Nevada City, where we came to a large spring of very cold water flowing from under a big red fir tree, and there we camped for the night. The weather was warm for it was then the first week in June. At night, after turning in in our blankets we were visited by three or four cougars—California lions—and they kept us awake nearly all night by their loud and terrifying roars, and at times came so close that they could have been touched by the hands. I wanted to shoot some of them, and took up my rifle to do so, but my companions importuned me not to do so, fearing that if one was wounded and not shot dead, we would have a hard fight on our hands with them. We were all green mountain men then.

From this camp we ambled leisurely mineward, going down upon the Yuba and prospecting at Moore's Flat, Jefferson, Washington and Endyears Bar, and finally reached Downieville. We found it was much easier to "mine" on the rivers lower down than here. We went north of Downieville to several ravines, finding considerable gold, but not liking the harder work for the same amount of gold, went back to Downieville and worked for a while drifting in Jersey Flat.

[Fairchild evidently went east in 1851, for, in a part of the manuscript which has been omitted, he speaks of meeting Alvin Hosmer in New York State early in 1852 shortly before he (Fairchild) returned to California. Hosmer had been one of the members of the Ganargwa Mining Company that had sailed from New York on the *Crescent City*. Fairchild had parted

with him in Panama but had met him again in the mines in 1850, and they remained together until Hosmer returned to New York.]

AT SAN JOSE IN 1853

July 15, 1904, my attention was attracted by the following excerpt published in the newspapers of that day: "John Alexis Youghl was found dead to-day." In memory I was carried back more than a half century to a time in 1853 when I was on vacation from "the mines." Having plenty of money to spend, being young and partial to field sports, possessed of an adventurous spirit, with a good mount and proper equipment for all outdoor requirements of that time, I naturally fell in the company of those in that community who were of the "rustling" order. At that time there were many "greasers" in that part of the State—the lower order of native Californians and Mexicans—lawless fellows having little, if any, respect for the property rights of others, and particularly not that of the "gringos" who had invaded the country and whose enterprise was rapidly supplanting the indolent, easy-going ways of those "to the manor born."

Cattle stealing was frequent, and to check this and other depredations, stock owners organized to detect and punish transgressors. One of these associations, among whose members I recall the names of John Trimble, Joseph Aram, John Murphy and Mr. Quivey, would occasionally assemble a dozen or more men and go out upon the ranges easterly from San Jose on reconnaissance expeditions of five or more days' duration, camping wherever night overtook the party. Saddle blankets, aided by the warmth of a cheerful fire, sufficed for bedding, and subsistence was mainly procured by killing a young beef, the brand of which was carefully recorded in order that its owner might be reimbursed for its loss. Some officer from the sheriff's or city marshal's office would generally accompany these expeditions. Then, about Calaveras Valley, Mount Hamilton, and almost the entire region around abounded in large game—bear and deer—but were seldom killed by these parties as so much noise was made that the wary quarry fled before arms could be effectively brought against them.

While thus beguiling the time I became intimate with the City Marshal of San Jose, a young man named Sublette, and made the (now) old brick building, then the City Hall, a sort of headquarters, though living while in town at Abe Beatty's "Mansion." Often have I accompanied Marshal Sublette and his deputy, Gunn, upon trips to locate and arrest men suspected of crime, and in this connection does the notice of the death of Youghl remind me of a tragedy wherein he was an unfortunate principal. He was a member of the bar, not popular; persistent in all his undertakings; active, energetic and aggressive; always "butting in" where he could attract the public eye—so much so as to provoke general dislike. As an illustration of his indomitable "push" it may be mentioned that upon several occasions he applied for

admission to the Masonic order, but was rejected as unworthy, but upon returning from a trip to England he surprised those who had used the black-ball against his admission at San Jose by knocking at the door of the Lodge there which had repeatedly refused to honor him and demanding admittance as a full-fledged "worthy brother" by grace of some foreign lodge by which he had been made a member of the Masonic order.

Well, in the course of time it occurred that the City Marshal was given the "tip" that several men suspected of horse stealing were to rendezvous on a certain night at an adobe house in San Jose, and Sublette planned to capture them. Quite a posse was summoned to aid the Marshal, among whom were Youghl, his brother George, and myself. At the appointed time the house in which the suspects were was surrounded and a surrender ordered. One young man—a genuine native son—attempting to escape, rushed from the rear door of the house into a garden where Youghl, myself and one or two others were stationed. There were several large pear trees standing close by the house, and the garden was inclosed by a high picket fence made of redwood "pickets" about three inches square driven into the ground and kept together at the top with thongs of rawhide. We all hastened to capture the fleeing man, and were but a short distance from him, Youghl in the lead. The man reached the fence and was attempting to scale it, but might have been caught before doing so. I was immediately behind Youghl, and my intention was to grasp the fellow before he could climb over the fence, and did not suppose any of the rest of the pursuing party thought aught else. But just then a pistol shot rang out and the man dropped to the ground with a mortal wound *in the back!* In rash zeal and undue excitement, Youghl, being of small stature, and perhaps not considering the stalwart help in attendance, had pulled a derringer from his pocket and fired—almost scorching the clothing of the escaping suspect. We improvised a litter, placed the wounded man carefully upon it, conveyed him to the City Hall and called a surgeon. He proved to be a young Californian of prominent family named Galindo. The surgeon could give no hope. When morning came his relatives were notified and sorrowfully congregated around the lowly cot on which he was dying. I shall never forget the melancholy appearance of the father as he watched the passing of his son, who was a comely appearing fellow of about twenty-two years. That tall, slim, gray-haired, dignified-looking old man, standing by the cot on which lay his dying son, was the picture of a sadness so pathetic that memory refuses its banishment. Too proud to shed tears before the curious crowd that came to gaze upon the sorrowful scene, the father stood as immobile as a marble statue. The bearing, looks and actions of the aged man were indicative of the gentle blood of proud Castile. The late possessor of many broad acres and large herds of cattle, if not of greater authority among his race, he was at least *patrón* of a hacienda before the despoiling "gringo" came. Sympathizing with him, I

imagined what bitter thoughts must be his against the intruding Americans as the authors of his present great misfortune, and I would fain have told him upon favorable opportunity that the cruel leaden bullet which had blotted out the life of his boy was directed by the hand of an English Jew not a citizen of the United States! I have always considered the taking off of young Galindo, in the manner it was done, as an uncalled for homicide. The cool Americans attempting his capture would not have harmed a hair of his head unless in defense—and Galindo had shown no fight. It was a mooted question, at best, whether or not he had transgressed the law.

A radical change of faith must have come over Youghl since 1853, for as I write this (only a few hours previous to the funeral services) I am surprised to see the following notice in the San Francisco papers: "Funeral to be held at Saint Ignatius Church, where a solemn requiem high mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul."

Youghl acquired much wealth, and left it to be fought for in the courts of the State by the grown children of two wives.

NOTES

1. A portion of Fairchild's reminiscences entitled "The First Ore From Washoe" was printed in this *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, No. 4, December, 1933, and his reminiscences of a trip to the Colorado River Mines appeared in Vol. XII, No. 1, March, 1933, the latter of which included a biographical note regarding the author. For permission to publish his manuscript we are indebted to his granddaughter, Miss Lucile M. Watters.

Mr. Fairchild began to write his reminiscences in the year 1904 at the age of 77.

2. The passenger list of the *Sylph* included the following:

From Maine: C. C. Emory and E. R. Waterman, from Saco; G. W. Foxter, Machias; S. Emory, Biddleford; L. B. Gilky, Unity; Capt. Osgood, P. S. Peters and G. W. Ray, from Blue Hill.

From New Hampshire: Cyrus B. Walker, Hanover.

From Rhode Island: George H. T. Cole and T. S. Hiscox, from Wickford; E. V. Hathaway, J. Cushing, T. G. Howland, John B. Luther, Jason White and George Steere, from Providence.

From Massachusetts: F. A. Gushee, Joseph Crackbon, Edward Wilder, H. A. Whiting, Romulus Norwood, Roland H. Macey, Irving Lawton, Orlando Lawton, A. D. Hatch and Edward Saunderson, from Boston; B. T. Hathaway, V. Hathaway and E. D. Hathaway, from Freetown; Charles Butler, David D. Hammond, James Merrihew, Jr. and Andrew M. Swift, from Fairhaven; James E. Eddy, Richard Murphy and B. W. Hathaway, from Fall River; Dwight R. Perry, Edward Pollard, J. S. Richardson and F. P. Shaw, from New Bedford; Alfred Clifford, Martha's Vineyard; A. Hutchinson, Middletown; T. S. Kinton, Gloucester; C. H. Porter, Newburyport; Stephen Potter, Dartmouth; B. Stetson, Bridgewater; S. F. Torrey, Quincy; H. H. Jones and C. B. Macey, from Nantucket; S. Kent and E. C. Skinner, from Lynn; T. B. Robinson, North Chelmsford; T. A. Skinner, Woburn.

From New York: Dr. N. Nininger, M. Morse, A. G. Grant, E. Greenwood, John Conness, R. P. Lee, Jr., and John E. Hazelton, from New York City; A. B. Haskins, L. W. Haskins and D. Newcomb, from Pittstown; George Eddy, Union Village; D. M.

Holding, Covington; J. E. Fuller, J. M. Taylor, P. Tinker, W. Torrence, Kingsbury Root, J. Stone, H. D. Pierce, Dr. Wesley Newcomb, Lady, son, daughter and servant, A. M. Comstock, John Cramer and Corydon Bristol, from Troy; T. A. Sherwood, Fort Edward; L. Southard, Essex; M. Kenyon, Cambridge; George R. Parburt, Geneva; Henry Putney, Rushville; John D. Lynde, Willsborough; J. H. Milligan, Yates Harold, E. S. Youmans, J. Tilfair, Wm. Turner, Daniel Stewart, R. Stafford, G. Purdy, James W. Cramer and Seneca Daniels, from Saratoga; W. Hodgkins, Plattsville; T. Gregory, Salem; William Burling, Z. Clements and B. Tabor, from Schuylerville; J. Mott Smith, Albany; Elos L. Winslow and E. W. Clarke, from Malone; Charles C. D. Glasford, Morrison; H. C. Gardiner, Sag Harbor; W. H. Allen, South Hampton; S. Davis and John S. Thomas, from Bangor; L. Wyman, S. H. Paine and John Pardee, from Fort Covington; C. R. Saunders, Burnt Hills; David Fairchild and Mahlon D. Fairchild, from Newark; George Bachelder, Westford.

From Pennsylvania: J. E. Taggart and G. S. Marks, from Philadelphia; H. Bicknell, W. Bicknell and J. A. Blake, from Pleasant Grove.

From Maryland: James H. Browne, G. Sharp Oldfield, Haskins Bowie, Wm. C. Beach, J. F. Spence, J. H. Sherley, H. Ray Bowie, Miss Ann Gruber and Hamilton Bowie, from Baltimore.

From Georgia: J. Lockaby and Luther Phenizie, from Columbus.

From Mississippi: L. Soher, D. Pinson, J. B. Therrell, J. M. Hill and James Hill, from Woodville; C. Frazee and B. C. Hunt, from Columbus; B. F. Hastings and R. P. Wilson, from Vicksburg.

From Arkansas: Maj. John S. Houston, Clarksville; Thomas Parcel and M. Abagge, from Little Rock.

From Florida: Col. Thomas Hayward and Thomas Howard [Hayward] Jr., from Tallahassee.

From Louisiana: Thomas Bodley, J. A. Read, J. P. Waddell, Joshua Lipman and J. McVea, from New Orleans; J. L. Chapline, B. Ray, Peter Jarvis and Henry King, from Monroe; Wm. Akenhead and T. H. Scribner, from Bayou Chicot; Z. L. Dickson, Bayou Sara; J. Dickinson and D. Dickinson, from Red River Landing; J. Norwood, Clinton; O. W. Flinker, Darlington.

From Ohio: James Miller, O. P. Cheney, B. H. Cramer, W. F. Ferguson and W. P. Rice, from Lancaster; J. A. Moody, W. H. Heath, Benjamin Lockhart, E. D. Young and B. Young, from Bellville; S. B. Kinton, Mt. Vernon.

From Indiana: Alpha Frisby and Moses Clark, from Frisby's Mills.

From Illinois: J. Evans, Ottoway; J. H. White, Carthage.

From Kentucky: W. H. Small, Mayslick; Thomas M. Reed, Henner.

From Missouri: J. L. Howard and J. Heatherington, from St. Louis.

From Other Places: Samuel Van Pragg, Caraccas; S. W. Langton, Washington, D. C.; William Watson Brand, Lima, Peru.

OFFICERS OF THE SHIP "SYLPH"

Francis M. Gardner, Master, Nantucket, Mass.; Thomas Hussey, Chief Mate, Nantucket; Dr. Edward Dorggriffin Bumstead, Surgeon, Boston, Mass.; Thomas R. Anthony, Clerk, New Bedford, Mass.; Wm. H. Dunham, Second Officer, Nantucket; James F. Cathcart, Third Officer, Nantucket.

Samuel Allen and Henry Eastham, New Bedford; W. Worth and John Chase, Nantucket; A. Rowe, Boston; Jabez Chandler.

3. *Oration: Delivered on Board the Ship "Sylph" in the Pacific Ocean, July 4, 1849. . . . Together with a brief account of her voyage from Panama to San Francisco,* by George R. Parburt, Esq., Geneva, N. Y.; I. & S. H. Parker, Printers, 1849. A copy

of this pamphlet (which contains the passenger list included in Note 2, *supra*), is in the Templeton Croker Collection, California Historical Society.

4. Resolutions passed on board the *Sylph* on the death of Corydon Bristol, July 16, 1849, are contained in the pamphlet cited above.

5. See Note 15, p. 121, California Historical Society *Quarterly*, Vol. XI, No. 2, June, 1932.

6. See Hittell, T. H., *History of California*, III, 150.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST PIANOS

By E. D. Holden

NO VOLUME OF BANCROFT can vie with his *California Pastoral* for both charm and interest. Between its covers may be found delightful bits of tradition and gossip about the life in this "Land of Promise" during those lotus days when the slightest excuse was cause sufficient for inviting one's neighbors to a *baile*. Music then was limited to guitar and violins, both great and small. The Church likewise made use of these same instruments, supplementing them with the discharge of firearms on occasion. Concerning this latter phase Lieutenant Augustus Wise in his *Los Gringos* thus describes a mass at Mission Santa Clara in 1846.¹ "During the service an indefatigable cannonier, outside, gave frequent *feux de joie*, from a graduated scale of diminutive culverins—made of brass in shape of pewter porter pots, half filled with powder, and the charge rammed down with pounded bricks—this, with music of kettle-drums, cymbals, and fiddles, made a very respectable din." Pianos were practically unknown, as the following excerpt from Bancroft's *California Pastoral* shows:

While Commodore Jones was at Monterey many balls were given in his honor by Larkin and others. On one occasion Larkin borrowed of Abrego one of the three first pianos brought to California. They were brought from Baltimore by Captain Smith, one sold to José Abrego, another in San Pedro to Eulogio Celis and the third to M. G. Vallejo at San Francisco. Abrego granted the request, but suggested that a piano would not be of much use, since no one knew how to play on it. But to the surprise of all, it was solemnly affirmed, the boy Pedro Estrada succeeded in playing the instrument, although he had never touched one before! It was proposed to send the boy to Mexico to be educated in music, but the advice of David Spence prevailed, who thought a carpenter more useful than a musician.²

An inquiry into the movements of both Commodore Jones and of Captain Stephen Smith reveals that the American naval officer was at Monterey in October, 1842, and that while Smith in the American Brigantine *George Henry* was on the coast in 1841, it was in 1843 that he brought the three pianos Bancroft mentions. In fairness to California's outstanding historian it must be borne in mind that much of the material making up the *California Pastoral* was obtained from the recollections of the old-timers themselves and not based upon documented evidence.

To General William T. Sherman, then lieutenant, Stephen Smith had once confessed that his coming to California was due to Daniel Webster who had assured him that the United States would surely annex it, sooner or later. During Smith's 1841 visit he arranged to bring back a steam sawmill. This he did in 1843, likewise the three pianos Bancroft mentions. The saw-

mill was set up at Bodega, the first steam mill—in fact, the first steam engine of any sort in California. Between 1841 and his second arrival in 1843 Smith had married a Peruvian lady by the name of Torres whose brother Manuel, later to become the husband of Mariana Richardson, daughter of the builder of Yerba Buena's first dwelling and his wife Maria Antonia Martinez, accompanied them.

Captain Smith did well with his piano speculation, selling his entire stock, and for that which Don José Maria Abrego bought, the former Mexican hatter, who had come to California with the Padres-Hijar colony in 1834, paid \$600.00.

Concerning the piano sold by Smith to Don Eulogio Celis we have no record, but both the Vallejo and the Abrego pianos have left their mark, the latter being in existence today in the possession of Don José's granddaughter.

Young, energetic and provided with some capital, Abrego upon his arrival embarked as a merchant at Monterey, where he prospered both financially and politically.³ In 1836 he married Josefa Estrada, the half-sister of the then Governor Juan B. Alvarado, and when building his new home incorporated into its *sala* or ball room, timbers from the brig *Natalia* which had been wrecked at Monterey and in which he had arrived in California. This ship, it was said, under its former name of *Inconstant* had been the means of transporting Napoleon from his exile at Elba to Golfe Juan, near Cannes on the French Riviera when the Emperor returned to begin the hundred days which ended disastrously at Waterloo. Abrego's marriage was blessed with many children—one daughter married Joaquin Bolado, native of Santander, Spain. To the latter's child, Mrs. Dulce Bolado Davis, fell both the grandfather's piano and a part of the former Rancho Huerta del Rey, now known as the Santa Anita rancho, in San Benito County. It is there that the Abrego piano now is. This instrument was made by Brell-Kopf and Haertel, Leipzig, and was imported by Braun and Focke, Baltimore. Its pedals are of brass, and two brass candle holders project from its front above the keyboard, on either side of which Don José Abrego caused the following statement to be inscribed:

This is one of the first three pianos brought to California. Its history is as follows: In 1841 Capt. Steven Smith arrived with his vessel in Monterey, and I engaged him to bring me a piano on his next trip to this country. In March, 1843, he returned to this city in a brigantine, he had three pianos on board. I bought this one for six hundred dollars. He then sailed to San Francisco, where General Vallejo purchased another of the pianos. The third piano was afterwards sold by Captain Smith to E. Cellis of Los Angeles.

JOSÉ M. ABREGO.

After its arrival in California the Vallejo piano remained at Sonoma in idleness. No one could be found to play the instrument until early in 1846 there appeared at the Vallejo home an impecunious German named Andrew

Hoeppner,⁴ a musician of parts, who, discovering the unused piano, sat at its keyboard and entranced the General and his family with selections from the works of the great composers. Vallejo was charmed, and on the spot decided that Hoeppner should teach his children to play. The result of this determination may be seen today in the archives of the County Recorder's office in Santa Rosa.⁵ The original copy in Spanish, made at the time, bears date of March 24, 1846, and is signed by both principals with the addition of four witnesses: Salvador Vallejo, Cayetano Juarez, Victor Prudon and Juan N. Padilla.

AGREEMENT

Mariano G. Vallejo
and

March 24, 1846.

Andrew Hoeppner.

Agreement made between Messrs. Mariano G. Vallejo and Andrew Hoeppner, consisting of the following articles:—

First—Mr. Hoeppner obligates himself solemnly to teach Mr. Vallejo and his immediate family to play the piano forte, with all the science of the art, giving lessons of music at least during five years, or more if it should be necessary, until the complete instruction of the children, both male and female.

Second—Mr. Vallejo obligates himself likewise to give Mr. Hoeppner a title to a tract of land of the Agua Caliente bought from Don Lorenzo Piña to the extent of two leagues and a half long by one-quarter of a league wide, as soon as Mr. Hoeppner shall have fulfilled religiously and entirely the stipulations contained in the foregoing article. Mr. Vallejo obligates himself for the present to give to Mr. Hoeppner a provisional document to enable him to begin agricultural labor and arrange the house, etc. It being understood if any of the two parties should not fulfill this engagement, the present agreement remains null in all its parts.

M. G. VALLEJO

A. HOEPPNER

Witnesses:—Salvador Vallejo, Cayetano Juarez
Vr. Prudon, Juan N. Padilla

Lieutenant Wise of the United States Navy made a visit to Vallejo at Sonoma in late July, 1846, but four months after the signing of the musical agreement. The master of the house was away from home but Señora Vallejo entertained the guests with her usual hospitality. Says Wise:⁶

The Señora herself, assisted by a well-behaved youth, did the honours of the supper table; and after we had made a hearty meal, she retired and left us to the enjoyment of chateau margaux and cigars. During supper we were complimented by a serenade, sung by a number of Russians and Germans, whose harmonious chorus and songs of "Faderland," almost carried us away to the Rhine. We sought the music room shortly after, where the little daughters of our entertainers were performing on the piano. They had been properly instructed, and performed remarkably well; besides, they were pretty, becomingly attired, and, what is still more commendable, exceedingly well bred.

It was not necessary for Hoeppner to wait five years for his land. The deal was closed and the agreement was recorded on August 6, 1850, more than seven months before the expiration of the five year agreement. Subsequently the land was sold by Hoeppner in various parcels.

Upon one portion was built the town of Glen Ellen in the Valley of the Moon near where Jack London made his home.

At the time the document was drawn Vallejo was reputed to have under his control 7,000,000 acres of California lands.

NOTES

1. Wise, Lieutenant Augustus, *Los Gringos*, New York, Baker & Scribner, 1849, p. 113.
2. Bancroft, H. H., *California Pastoral*, San Francisco, 1888, p. 428.
3. José Maria Abrego held the offices of sub-comisario, administrator of San Antonio Mission, custom house officer, member of the assembly, substitute member of the tribunal, and treasurer in charge of the territorial finances from 1839 to 1846.
4. Andrew Hoepfner, a German, had been long in Russian employ at Sitka, where he married a half-breed wife. The exact date and manner of his coming to California are not known, but he was here in 1845. He lived at Yerba Buena and Sonoma, 1845-49; a musician and a man of many accomplishments. In '47 he had great expectations from his warm springs of Anénthal, near Sonoma, as advertised in the *Star*. Markof visited him in '45 and Sherman in '47. In '48 he was second alcalde at Sonoma, and is named at New Helvetia on his way to the gold mines. About '49 he left his wife and went to Honolulu and Chile, where he is said to have died about '55. Bancroft, *History of California*, III, 786.
5. Recorded in Book "E" of Deeds, Sonoma County Records, p. 130.
6. Wise, Lieutenant, *Los Gringos*, p. 124.

A THREATENED INVASION OF CALIFORNIA

LETTER ADDRESSED TO MAJOR GENERAL McDOWELL BY
GENERAL U. S. GRANT

HEAD QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

City Point, Va. Jan. 8th, 1865.¹

Maj. Gen. I. McDowell,
Comdg. Dept. of the Pacific,
General,

It is known that Dr. Gwinn, former United States Senator from Cal. has gone to Mexico and taken service under the Maxamillian Government. It is understood also that he has been appointed Governor General of Sonora. The Dr. is a rebel of the most virulent order. His being formerly a resident of California, and now getting to that state in Mexico bordering on the State of his former residence, portends no good to us. May it not be his design to entice into Sonora the dissatisfied spirits of California, and if the opportunity occurs, organize them and invade the State?—I write, without having discussed this question with any one, to put you on your guard against what I believe may prove a great danger. — Watch this matter closely and should you find these apprehensions well founded, prepare to meet them. You will find no difficulty in raising any number of volunteers that may be necessary in California to repel an invasion of the state. Especially will this be the case when the invasion comes from a country with which we are at peace.

In an event like the one alluded to I would not rest satisfied with simply driving the invader on to Mexican soil, but would pursue him until overtaken, and would retain possession of the territory from which the invader started until indemnity for the past, and security for the future, satisfactory to the Government, was insured.

This letter, which may have to be regarded as instructions for your guidance, is written entirely without knowledge of what the President would advise in case of an invasion of our territory from that of Mexico, but with a conviction that it is right and just.

The case supposed is a very different one from those that have occurred starting from Canada. In the latter case rebels have fitted out for the invasion of our Northern frontier, upon Canadian soil, secretly, and without the knowledge of Canadian authorities. In the threatened invasion it will be the act of officials of the usurpers of the Government of Mexico, and, in my

judgment, would justify direct assistance on our part to re-establish the legitimate government over that country.

This letter is intended as *private* until the exigency contemplated calls for action on your part, when it will be regarded as instructions for your guidance in the absence of more recent orders.

Very respectfully

Your obt. svt.

U. S. GRANT

Lt. Gen.

A BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF WILLIAM M. GWIN'S ACTIVITIES AND
AN EXPLANATION OF THE UNDERLYING FACTS
WHICH OCCASIONED GRANT'S LETTER

William McKendree Gwin, a native of Sumner County, Tennessee (1805-1885), was graduated in medicine from Transylvania University in 1828, removing to Mississippi in 1830. In 1833, President Andrew Jackson appointed him as United States Marshal for Mississippi. Between that date and 1841, when he served one term in Congress as Representative, Gwin was supposed to have acted as a go-between in Texan affairs between Sam Houston and President Jackson, whose intimate he was. On June 4, 1849, he reached California. In September and October, 1849, he served as a member of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey. Elected United States Senator for California, he served from 1850 to 1855 and from 1857 to 1861. He was acknowledged as the leader of the pro-slavery party in California.

"The Gwin party hoped to divide California into two States and hand over the southern to slavery; on the eve of the Civil War it considered the scheme of a Pacific Coast Republic."²

"After the election [Lincoln's], a number of southern sympathizers left the state to join the confederate army. . . . Senator Gwin, Calhoun Benham, and J. L. Brent were also arrested on board of a steamer [the *Ori-aba*] for the east by General Sumner, for the same offence [treason], and placed in a New York jail. None of the parties were detained long."³

At the State Democratic convention held in San Francisco, June 19, 1872, Gwin was elected delegate to the National convention. Among the resolutions passed at the State convention was the following: "That we earnestly condemn and protest against the machinations, tyranny, extravagance and corruptions of the administration of U. S. Grant."⁴

"In October, 1863, Mr. Gwin being in Paris, met at a dinner given by Mr. Corcoran of Washington, the Marquis de Montholon. This interview, followed by others with the Marquis, proved the occasion of awakening an interest in the imperial government in the inauguration of a colonization scheme for Northern Mexico. The information, in answering the inquiries

of the Marquis, given by Mr. Gwin, concerning California, its settlement, mines, and general development, was communicated to the Emperor Napoleon, exciting a deep interest in his mind. By the emperor's desire, Mr. Gwin had several interviews with him with reference to a similar settlement in the northern states of Mexico, and the opening up of their mineral resources. At the request of the minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Gwin drew up a plan of colonization, including provisions for the protection of colonists by a military force of French troops against the jealousy of Mexicans towards all foreigners, especially Americans, and also against hostile Indians on the borders. The most liberal terms were offered as inducements to immigration. The Council of State, the emperor presiding, approved of, and adopted, the plan. It was also submitted to Maximilian, at the time in Paris, and accepted by him, whom Mr. Gwin met at the Tuileries, and who expressed a warm admiration for Americans, and gave every encouragement to the scheme, and declared that the Emperor Napoleon was enthusiastic in its favor, believing it would be a bulwark to the Mexican empire at its weakest point. Mr. Gwin shortly after went to Mexico bearing an autograph letter from the Emperor Napoleon, addressed to General Bazaine, commander of the French army in Mexico, instructing him to give all the military assistance required in the establishment of the proposed colony. Maximilian preceded him two weeks. Mr. Gwin, on arriving at the City of Mexico, was presented by the Marquis de Montholon to General Bazaine, to whom he handed the emperor's letter. The interview was not satisfactory to Mr. Gwin. It was evident there was no cordiality between the government of Maximilian and the French military government, as represented by General Bazaine. The latter warned Mr. Gwin to have no intercourse with the emperor's government, saying he himself was the only power in Mexico, and promising all aid under the Emperor Napoleon's instructions. Notwithstanding, Mr. Gwin addressed to Maximilian a note asking for an audience, and received a friendly reply from the emperor, stating that he was on the eve of departure on an excursion, and on his return he would see him, meanwhile referring him to his minister of foreign affairs, but without success, an evasion of the interview being apparently intentional on the part of that functionary. The collection of revenues, and other matters, were the occasions of disagreements between the imperial government and the French military authorities, which was the pretext for neglecting to afford the promised aid to Mr. Gwin; and having thus fruitlessly occupied the summer and autumn of 1864, in the beginning of 1865 he returned to Paris.

"Again Mr. Gwin had an audience with the Emperor Napoleon, and reported freely the condition of affairs in Mexico, and assured him that Maximilian had no power except that given him by the French, Austrian, and Belgian troops; that his title gave him no real influence, that he was, in

fact, a paper emperor, and should be so treated. Napoleon replied that Maximilian was an emperor and must be treated as such, and still expressed very great interest in the scheme of colonization, asked many questions drawing forth further information, and insisted on Mr. Gwin's preparing a new plan on a larger scale. A plan was accordingly drawn, including a larger portion of the country in the scheme, which met with Napoleon's entire approval. The emperor urged Mr. Gwin's return to Mexico, gave him another autograph letter, and issued peremptory orders to General Bazaine to enforce the execution of the plan. Thus provided, Mr. Gwin returned to Mexico. He mistrusted Maximilian; not his honesty, but his administrative ability. He was a bigoted Catholic, absorbed in imposing religious ceremonies, yet he was soon in open conflict with the church authorities in Mexico. He was extravagant and wasteful, fond of display, and exacted a salary of a million and a half dollars per annum while his people were in a starving condition. Mr. Gwin's worst fears, therefore, when he reached Mexico, were realized. General Bazaine, now a marshal, sixty years old, had become enamored of a Mexican lady of sixteen, and was engrossed with the festivities of his recent marriage. The emperor, on hearing of Mr. Gwin's arrival, left the city on an extended tour. The marshal constantly excused himself from obeying the Emperor Napoleon's new instructions. Mr. Gwin was attacked in the newspapers, and his authority from the Emperor Napoleon to establish a colony denied. In a final interview with Marshal Bazaine, the latter stated that he did not dare officially to contradict the statements of the newspapers, that the Emperor Maximilian would never return to the city as long as Mr. Gwin remained; that he considered the execution of the Emperor Napoleon's orders would be the surrender of the whole country to Mr. Gwin, and the death-knell of the Mexican empire, and if it were attempted he would quit the country. Mr. Gwin, perceiving no prospect of aid from any quarter, requested of the marshal a military escort to take him out of the country, which was promptly furnished. Mr. Gwin, upon his departure, remarked significantly that he hoped his escort would give him a safe delivery out of Mexico, and added, that unless the Emperor Maximilian and the French army started soon, it was doubtful if they would get safely away. Thus ended Mr. Gwin's connection with the French intervention in Mexico, the inception of which did not originate with himself. The idea of Napoleon, in attempting the scheme of colonizing the northern portion of Mexico, was to obtain from its mines material for the settlement of the Mexican national debt, guaranteed by France, and to establish in Mexico a stable government. It was a good idea, but the project failed through the incapacity of Maximilian (which Napoleon could not comprehend), and the ambition of Bazaine. To these two men may be attributed the downfall of the empire in Mexico, and ultimately of the empire in France, through the weakness of the one and the treachery of the other."⁵

NOTES TO "A THREATENED INVASION"

1. This letter was written by General Grant from the Headquarters of the Armies of the United States while he was closing in on Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, three months before the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, which ended the struggle between the North and the South.

2. Article "California" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

3. Davis, Winfield J., *History of Political Conventions in California*, Sacramento, 1893, p. 180.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 315.

5. Phelps, Alonzo, *Contemporary Biography of California's Representative Men*, San Francisco, 1881, pp. 238-39.

NEW MEMBERS

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Armstrong, J. A.	Salinas, Calif.	Mr. William Davies
Beale, Robert	San Francisco	Mr. E. A. Wiltsee
Beaver, Miss Anna W.	San Francisco	Miss Eleanor M. Davenport
Dimond, Mrs. Edwin R.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Hamlin, John	San Francisco	Miss Anne Bancroft
Howay, Hon. F. W.	New Westminster, B.C.	Mr. Francis P. Farquhar
Kern County Free Library	Bakersfield, Calif.	Miss Stella Huntington
Marin County Free Library	San Rafael, Calif.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Naus, George M.	San Francisco	George D. Lyman, M.D.
Priestley, Dr. Herbert I.	Berkeley, Calif.	A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D.
Sample, Mrs. Ina H.	Berkeley, Calif.	Miss Anne Bancroft
Shuman, J. F.	San Francisco	Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman
Stephens, W. B.	Mexico City, Mexico	Mr. H. R. Wagner
Weill, L. I.	Bakersfield, Calif.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Wilson, William F.	Honolulu, T. H.	Mr. George L. Harding

THE MEN WHO MET THE YANKEES IN 1846

By Helen V. Shubert

In 1846 the American eagle was flying westward, his bold eye on the Rio Grande and on that land "beyond the blue sierra." Mexico, herself convulsed with political intrigue and sunk in fiscal corruption, must save her New Mexican and Californian frontiers from the eagle's talons. Her own armies were concentrated on the Rio Grande front; she must leave California to fend for herself.

This province, too, had seen strife and intrigue and military disorganization during its twenty years under Mexico, so that materially California was not prepared to meet Sloat and Stockton, Kearny and Frémont when these men came to extend Yankee rule over her fields and hearths. Indeed, historians, in dealing with the California scenes of the Mexican war, have generally depicted the army of defense as a sort of roistering, cowardly band of *rancheros*. Yet, it was definitely and legally a militia organization, as we shall see, and if its resources were lamentably low, as they were, and if its tactics were ridiculous, nevertheless that army of a few hundred men managed to stay occupation by the United States troops from July, 1846, until the following January.

The old presidial defense which had been centered at the four coastal garrisons of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco, was by 1842 an impotent remnant. In that year we have a description of the neglect recorded by the French voyageur, Duflot de Mofras. Of Monterey he says: "There is embellished with the name of *castillo* (*château*) a small battery on a platform, situated on the slope toward the anchorage. . . . The old carriage, two or three hundred balls of bronze, the trucks, the powder carts of ancient Spanish materials all are on the ground, abandoned."¹

Commodore Jones had contributed to this disarray that same year by spiking the cannon and throwing movable equipment into the sea.² The presidio at San Francisco was in even worse condition; its one cannon and two culverins being guarded in their decay by a sub-lieutenant and five soldiers with their families. At Santa Barbara twelve soldiers and four officers kept watch and the four pieces of bronze lay half-buried in the sand; and at San Diego there was no garrison at all. The cannon were sinking into their sandy graves in solitude.³ In contrast with this picture, Sutter's Fort at New Helvetia offered a menacing efficiency. The arms there were well cared for and carefully guarded and included from sixteen to eighteen cannon, two good campaign pieces of bronze, which came from the Russians, and enough rifles with ammunition for sixty to eighty men.⁴

De Mofras estimated the entire Mexican soldiery of the department at about 160, "armed with sabre and a musket in bad condition," and remarked the superfluity of officers; "In California as in Mexico, one counts as many officers as privates; the number of the former raising itself close to a hundred."⁵

These conditions are directly traceable to the exigencies in which the supreme government at Mexico found itself, as well as to that government's negligent colonial policy. As the correspondence of General Vallejo demonstrates, supplies, pay and soldiers could be wrung from the Minister of War only at the price of great persistence.⁶ The missions had been supplying the presidios with food⁷; with their secularization a major source of maintenance was removed. However, there were men within the department, like Vallejo, who were alive to the precarious situation. Vallejo's position as defender of the interior border naturally brought to him a realization of its strategic importance. His letters show that he regarded it as the last great Spanish borderland, the goal of European and American attrition,⁸ and he was sure, too, that Sutter's community would be the nexus of the coming storm.

In remedy Vallejo attempted a general military resuscitation on the basis of a native militia. This he would concentrate in the east and north to meet the Anglo-Saxon influx and the Indian risings which accompanied settlement in the valley regions.⁹ The governorship and military commandancy were to be merged into a single office, the department divided into new military units and lands granted for the support of the garrisons and their families. The militia were to be recruited by compulsory conscription, for which the *ayuntamientos* were to provide lists of all men between the ages of fifteen and fifty.

The Mexican government, however, paid little attention to Vallejo's epistolary appeals and finally he committed his project to the persuasive abilities of Victor Prudon, Manuel Castañares and Francisco Rivera.¹⁰ This commission arrived in Mexico City early in 1842 and within a year the officer for whom Vallejo had fought and prayed loomed upon the scene. He styled himself Brigadier General Manuel Micheltorena and with him came that famous crew of 250 half-starved half-dressed convicts and debtors.¹¹

Frontier militia companies could never be organized about the thieving nucleus of this army and to this extent Vallejo's purposes were defeated. In two ways, however, the advent of Micheltorena contributed to military revival. First, the attention of the home government was kept focused on the needs of California and further expeditions were put under way to supplement Micheltorena's. The Brigada del Oeste, or Western Brigade, was typical. Organized in 1845 from contingents in Cuernavaca, Acapulco, Tlalpan and Chilpancingo, it was placed under command of General Ignacio Iniestra. Before it could be shipped up the coast, Iniestra died and the fighting

políticos in Mexico annexed the companies for civil warfare. After Frémont's exploit at the Gavilan (Hawk's Peak) in 1846, another effort was made to reorganize them. The 300 men, supplies and the new leader, Rafael Telles, were all ready to embark when countermanding orders came to march the brigade up by land, and again they were dispersed for internal "police duty."¹²

Micheltorena's second contribution was his crystallization of Vallejo's plans into a detailed militia law. This law was promulgated as a decree or *pronunciamiento*, July 16, 1844.¹³ It became the basis for the militia arrangements of 1846 and the ideal from which the harassed Californians worked, it might be said, in a descending curve. According to the *pronunciamiento*, the native army, known as *La Milicia Auxiliar de Defensores de la Patria*, were to be enrolled by the local authorities, all men from the ages fifteen to sixty being liable to service. It was to be mainly a cavalry body, of two regiments, each one numbering 110 dragoons apiece. The members were to uniform themselves, if possible, in blue pantaloons, green coat and shako and to carry as arms a carbine, a lance and, when obtainable, a sword. Their duties, similar to those devolving upon any national guard, included guard service, posse duty, maintenance of order on the border and at gatherings in the pueblos. Imprisonment and a graded series of fines were prescribed for infraction of the regulations, for desertion or carelessness of guard and for insubordination. In time of war the auxiliaries were to be incorporated with the regular army subject both to its discipline and emoluments.

We know from memoranda of appointments to various staff-offices in the regiments of Vallejo and Alvarado in the following year that Micheltorena's plan did advance into partial realization¹⁴ and we can trace its influence upon the militia of 1846 through the proclamations of Generals Castro and Flores. The *reglamentos militares* of July 29, 1846, in the clauses on cavalry composition, run almost word for word like the 1844 decree¹⁵ and the numerous orders which Castro's assistants continued to release as well as the decrees of General Flores show the impress of the *pronunciamiento*. In both cases, for instance, the justices of the peace are held responsible for conscription and the age-limits of fifteen to sixty remain effective.¹⁶

The altered conditions which Micheltorena had to meet are reflected plainly enough in his decree. No provision for a regular commissary appears. Whereas the old presidial companies elected an *habilitado* to superintend the distribution of rations and pay, these militia bodies must forage. The severity of punishments had diminished, too. The heaviest penalty in the decree is a month's arrest. Under the old Spanish military code death might legally be inflicted for complaint over rations, and Bancroft cites several cases of stringent enforcement of the rules governing insubordination.¹⁷ By 1844 a money commutation was even possible, the hope being that some scant coin might thus filter into the depleted treasury.

Provision was made for officers from "headquarters" to go out weekly and drill the untrained ranchmen who composed the guard. In actuality the drills were never held and in order to practice military tactics the militia waited for a battle. The fact, however, that the land was best suited to cavalry as against infantry was given recognition; in the operations of 1846 the poorly mounted Americans were to confirm that fact with lamentations again and again.

In two respects did Micheltorena's national guard resemble the old army. Its lesser officers were elected by the companies themselves and the number of these officers was typically Hispanic in size. A regiment of 220 men was to be commanded by no less than seventy-seven colonels, captains, lieutenants, etc.

Thus was the militia that was to hold Stockton and Frémont in check given its paper organization. The actual army which the Mexican leaders of 1846 put into the field did not at any time attain the degree of organization outlined above. Grudgingly recruited of *rancheros* and *vaqueros*, it was a negation of all that is military in the variety of its equipment and in its lack of discipline and respect for authority.

The initial matter of recruiting was itself a disorderly process. The eloquently worded proclamations, of which the following excerpt from the pen of Castro is typical, marked the first step:

Companions: These arms which you hold in your hands in the name of the Mexican nation, to which we have the honor to belong, are to defend to the utmost the trigan-tine colors which unite us and for which have flowed rivers of blood; the valor and patriotism which you have already proven leave me in no doubt that we shall march forth with the greatest spirit to break that oppressive chain that would bind us.¹⁸

These proclamations furnish lucid insight into the characteristics of Hispanic-American political psychology. They are always melodramatic, usually lengthy beyond necessity and show a surprising command of the mother tongue for a people with few advantages in formal education. Often they make exaggerated allusion to the citizen's love of the *patria* and then sound the appeal of personal loyalty to the military commander; but this is really an echo of the roaring of the South American *caudillo*, who was dominating the political stage at this very time and who won the support of the people, still foundering in civic illiteracy, by identifying in his person both the loyalties of national patriotism and those of a semi-feudal, personal fealty. The proclamations form an exuberant, an entertaining set of documents, but unless checked with the real situation as it developed, are misleading, for their authors are not loath to ape the Napoleonic, to dramatize and to cover up actual apathy with facile verbiage.

The call to arms having been published by the *alcaldes*, it was ignored by the war-weary Californians, whose ears had been bombarded for a decade now with exhortations to defend "*la integridad del país y los leyes de la*

patria" from desecration at the hands of heretic immigrant and political usurper.¹⁹ The commandant general would then have to adopt more effective measures. Lieutenant Revere of the Pacific Squadron says that he heard that José Castro, on a feast day when the *rancheros* were at mass seized their horses and forced the men to "volunteer" their services.²⁰ The assertion finds some confirmation in the records of the Monterey magistrate, where charges are entered against the officers for seizure of horses, house-breaking and recruiting at the point of a gun.²¹

The number of the Californians seldom equaled that of the Americans. At the time of the Bear Flag revolt the natives had about 160 men as compared to 130 "Osos" and Frémont men.²² Then Sloat landed with 300 marines and was soon joined by the 130 Bear men under the name of the California Battalion.²³ Six weeks later Castro and Pico, according to Bancroft, had from 400 to 500 men in Los Angeles,²⁴ but if they did, and it seems improbable, they were not all armed by any means. Pico, a year later, placed the number at 118,²⁵ as against Stockton's 360.²⁶ Estimates of the actual number of Flores' militia vary greatly, but by comparing the numbers he cites in his correspondence with the figures given in the veterans' dictations, it appears that he kept about 250 men more or less armed and ready for service.²⁷ In December Kearny came with 120 men,²⁸ meeting eighty or ninety men under Pico at San Pasqual.²⁹ At the final battles of San Gabriel and La Mesa the American force of Kearny and Stockton totaled 600³⁰ as against Flores' probable 350, though here again Bancroft estimates it at 500.³¹ Frémont closed in from the north with 475 men.³²

Coerced into service, the militiamen were quick to drop out on the line of march and return to their ranches, where they could be assured of more food and comfort than in the unsalaried, if patriotic, service of the Mexican flag. Besides, these men were needed on their lands to protect their stock and families from the ever-lurking danger of Indian attack and to superintend the sowing and harvesting of crops.³³

After each flurry in the earlier months of the conquest, the militia were mustered out and returned home, with the admonition to hold themselves in readiness for recall to arms:

Captain Frémont, [says Manuel Castro in a typical order of disbandment] who found himself and his force encamped on a crest of the Sierra de Gavilán, seeing for certain the enthusiasm and determination with which the sons of the country were preparing themselves against him, suddenly retired, leaving the fortifications which he had put up, and in consequence of this the Commandant General has disposed that the citizens who were under arms may retire to the bosom of their families. In this regard, first giving due thanks to the people of that town who may be enlisted in defense of the national integrity, you shall tell them that they may return to their private business, the Prefecture expecting that should the time come, they shall be drafted for the same purpose, which cause he who subscribes will ever support.³⁴

Once recruited, by what means was the support of this militia body

assured? There was need for salary and food only during actual service on march or campaign. The officers, however, demanded regular pay and equipment and munitions had likewise to be provided. But the treasury at Monterey was not equal to the burden. Customs duties, which made up the largest portion of the revenue, had fallen to a negligible amount before a well-systematized smuggling racket and those few shippers who still paid, did so only at a greatly reduced rate.³⁵ After the raising of the American flag at Monterey, July 1846, no fees whatsoever were received. Under such conditions as these supplies had to be requisitioned and service had to be rendered *gratis*, for the scant funds on hand could not go far at the prevailing prices and salaries. In 1845, for instance, the monthly payroll at Monterey totaled \$2,959 for the officers, nine in number,³⁶ a colonel receiving \$150, a captain of cavalry \$94, and a lieutenant \$122.³⁷ The salaries paid by the American forces offer interesting comparison: Montgomery in August, 1846, paid a lieutenant \$50 a month, a first sergeant \$22.50, a second sergeant \$17.50 and a corporal \$13.50.³⁷ These figures provoke the comment that had the Mexican coffers been allocated to something besides officers' salaries, a more competent defense might have resulted, despite financial stringency. Yet according to the rates the American forces were paying for incidental equipment and food in the department, this available cash would soon have been exhausted.³⁸ The bills and receipts from Mexican and Yankee merchants to the American officers reveal such prices as these: 8c a pound for flour, coffee 24c a pound, sugar 20c, cattle \$3.00 a head.³⁹ The rations bill for the American garrison of fifty men at Sonoma, July 9 to August 4, was \$472.48.⁴⁰ Another bill for supplies from August 4 to October 4 came to \$1698.51.⁴¹ Tobacco brought 25c a pound.⁴² Interestingly enough, in comparison with food, clothing seems very reasonable: a shirt was 88c, stockings 47c, blue trousers \$4.95, a mattress \$4.17, a blanket \$1.93.⁴³ A bill of September prices a bridle at \$4.00 and other saddle equipment as totaling \$58.62.⁴⁴

There is but little evidence in the narrative or official sources that any money was paid out by the Mexicans, though there were orders to draw on existing commissary stores. According to two dictations of men present at the Gavilán in March, 1846, José Castro ordered supplies transferred from the Monterey commissary to James Stokes' store at San José, ostensibly for easier distribution, with the actual result that, excepting a few privileged members of the company, the men had to pay extortionate prices for incidental supplies.⁴⁵ In April we have a letter from Pico stating that he sent orders to the Prefect at Monterey to turn over to the Justice of the Peace at San José \$6000 to arm a force with which to combat "*los barbaros ladrones*."⁴⁶ And in July we have one more intimation that coin was spent for supplies in De la Torre's statement that after the tired army had starved four days in Los Angeles, following their march south from San Juan, Pico

went out and bought some ancient, uneatable oxen for the officers, *la Compañia de Honor*; he adds that the rest of the company preferred to this type of mess the fruit which they stole from nearby orchards.⁴⁷

Foraging, therefore, was the more usual means of support. The narratives of the Castro and Pico men are full of stories to this effect and they indicate as well that the men often went hungry.⁴⁸ Beeves (*resas*) procured at the ranchos were, of course, their mainstay. A proposal was made in Los Angeles to handle requisitioning by ordering all *rancheros*, not in service, to supply horses and beef to an amount to be stipulated by five men chosen from the town, and in the rural districts by three men and two soldiers.⁴⁹ There are a number of records of contributions made by the *rancheros* about Santa Inéz to the military commissary and magazine during the Flores resistance which include corn, cattle, lard, soap, powder and lead.⁵⁰ Arms and powder were also requisitioned from the ranches and missions about Los Angeles and warrants or drafts on the Mexican government given in return.⁵¹

If the discipline, the organization, and the support of the Californian force had declined with the years, no less so had its equipment in uniforms and arms. An army may fight as efficiently in civilian costume as in military regalia, but its appearances are much injured by a system of self-outfitting.

The officer's uniform changed little from the style of the presidial period.⁵² The trousers, light and dark blue or white, were long and close-fitting, fastened under the insteps of their black half-boots; the coatee was either white or red, with large buttoned revers of green, for red coat, or white embroidered in gold for the white; the collar stood high and close and was in keeping with the revers. A sash of scarlet was worn about the waist. The waistcoat was either purple or scarlet, the combinations being: with white trousers, scarlet waistcoat, white coat; with blue trousers, purple waistcoat and scarlet coat. The dress hat was "of the fore and aft type," black, trimmed with plume or feathers in the crease and with gold braid along the edges.⁵³

This colorful uniform was still in use in General Micheltorena's day and is described by a visiting British officer:

. . . He [General Micheltorena] wore a very rich and showy uniform. The breast of his coat being fine crimson cloth, brilliantly embroidered; the rest of the garment was of green cloth, also richly embroidered. A fine bunch of white plumes waved from his chapeau. Quite a large suite attended the general. It was composed of persons of all sizes and ranks, civil and military, in a contrasting variety of costumes. A few officers had several medals or orders strung across the breasts of their coats, some of which, they boasted, were for services rendered in Texas. . . .⁵⁴

For the officers of a ragged army like Micheltorena's to be so well appareled is again typical of Hispanic psychology.

Of more concern here is the clothing of the men in the field. The dragoon, who represented the mainstay of the California army, originally wore a uniform of dark blue or black; the hat low-crowned and broad-brimmed;

the waistcoat and knee breeches of corduroy, usually dark blue over drawers of white linen. On campaign he added a sleeveless leather jacket or tunic of seven or eight thicknesses of sheep or deer skin (*cuera de gamuza*). It was of three pieces and fell nearly to the knee. His leggings were likewise of several thicknesses of deer skin and had large overhanging cuffs. The chaps (*defensas*), worn during combat, were large cuts of cowhide, fastened on a belt about the waist and covered well the thigh and legs of the dragoon and a good part of the sides of the mount.⁵⁵ So well encased in leather, it is no wonder he was termed *soldado de cuera*.

Some clothing of this type may have remained in use through 1846. There is no direct evidence to prove either that it did or did not, but if only in consideration of the durability and utility of these leathern garments, it seems probable that they were still in service. During the later years, with the increase of immigration from Mexico, the military came more and more to adopt the same dress as civilians, distinguishing itself therefrom only by devices and designs.⁵⁶ This civilian dress was of two kinds. The first is given full description by Don Antonio Coronel:

The dress of the men consisted of short breeches reaching a little above the knee, open for about six inches on the outside seams of the legs, where they were trimmed with ribbon or braid and some four or six buttons of silver or other metal, according to the means of the individual; and a flap on the front fastened with a single button (on each side) of silver or other metal, almost as large as a dollar; a vest of cloth, velvet, silk or cotton (according to the resources of the man) coming down over the abdomen and fancifully trimmed.⁵⁷

The jacket was of the same materials, but a little longer than the vest and trimmed in the same way. He goes on to describe the leggings and shoes, which turned up slightly at the toes to prevent scuffing and wear, the low-crowned hat and kerchief, which was customarily worn tied around the head. The other type of civilian dress, not worn extensively till after 1832, consisted of the long trousers, or *calzoneras*, which were laced as far as the knees and thence opened on the outside seam. There was worn over the waistcoat a short jacket of cloth. The serape finished this costume, an article of immense service to the militiaman on campaign. Its woolen folds protected him from the weather while riding and from the cold at night, and when not in use could be rolled up and conveniently fastened on back of the saddle.

The arms of the militiamen were of varied style and origin. The lance was most useful, since it could be wielded effectively from a horse and with one hand. Along with the *reata* the lance proved the most satisfactory weapon in the campaigns of 1846. Made of flexible wood, it measured some six feet in length and was finished with a metal head about one and a half inches wide. Under Flores' commandancy a number of these were made from barrel hoops at Mission San Fernando.⁵⁸ Frequently a small pennant was tied just below the head and added to the vagabond appearance of the regiments. The

reata, or lasso, was fashioned from four to six strips of cowhide, plaited and worked till flexible. When not in use it was looped about the pommel of the saddle or fastened on the *anquera* (tailpiece).⁵⁹

Their firearms, including pistols, old flintlocks, *escopetas de arzon*, and tower-muskets, purchased originally by Mexico from the British government, are regarded by Mexican and American alike as forming a curious collection. Balbridge, a member of the Bear Flag party, said of them, "I did not measure them, but they had the longest muskets with the longest bayonets, mortal ever saw."⁶⁰ Another description of their meagre and varied equipment is given by Lieutenant Revere in his account of the battle of La Mesa, 1847: "... They were armed with the *escopeta* (a clumsy carbine), a few pistols and rifles, and some with sabres and machetes; but by far the larger part had only a short lance, with a long blade that could be used with one hand. . . ."⁶¹

Let one further quotation suffice to show their scarcity and inefficiency: "... During all the marches which I made from Los Angeles to Monterey and vice-versa, I as well as my companions had good horses but very poor arms, the Prefect Manuel Castro himself had no other arms than a pair of pistols which Captain Jesus Vallejo had presented him when Manuel Castro began to recruit men with the object of marching to the rescue of Sonoma."⁶²

Meagre enough was the quality and supply of arms, yet their effectiveness was to be further reduced by lack of skill in their handling⁶³ and by want of ball and powder. In practice the men depended mainly upon their *reatas* and lances, the ingenuity of their tactics compensating in large part for the lack of training and of equipment and explaining the defeats which the Yankees sustained at their less numerous hands.

Tactics for the chance meetings between the two forces were seldom considered beforehand; they were the product of each situation as it presented itself. The leaders brought to the conflict, of course, the experience gained in two previous revolutions and many of the veterans of these disturbances fought with the younger men in 1846, yet each battle presented some novelty in guerilla warfare and illustrated as well certain practices of proven utility. The predominance of cavalry conditioned their methods of pitched combat. They usually aligned their forces in a semi-compact order and, if possible, awaited the approach of the enemy from a slight elevation. They would then charge the oncoming forces with lance and *reata*. However contemptuous or antagonistic Yankee writers may be of the Californians, they are unanimous in their admiration for Mexican horsemanship. This quotation from William Heath Davis on the battle of San Gabriel is illustrative:

Forcing their horses forward, in approaching Stockton's lines, every horseman in their ranks threw himself over to one side, bending far down so that no part of his body except the leg appeared above the saddle. When the columns met, and the horseman was required to use the lance or do other effective service, he remained but a few

minutes in the saddle; and in the retreat he threw himself over along the side of the horse, and rode rapidly in that direction, guiding the steed skillfully at the same time.⁶⁴

These sudden sallies and retreats were characteristic of their tactics and were employed at Dominguez Rancho, La Natividad, San Pasqual and San Gabriel. They applied similar methods to their use of the cannon, tying them by *reatas* to their saddles, firing them and then retreating, dragging the cannon to a safe distance for reloading, whereupon they would repeat the charge.⁶⁵ The procedure was effective, despite its undignified appearance.

The records of San Pasqual would impute to the Mexican soldiery a vigourousness of action not usually credited to the Californians, but there was a considerable nonchalance and unprofessional behavior exhibited in earlier combats, of which this example is perhaps characteristic: Pico, in describing the battle of Cahuenga, in which Micheltorena capitulated, says himself that during the cross-firing, at Rico's request to remove himself from danger, "I withdrew . . . and we seated ourselves in a protected place where we went to take a bite to eat."⁶⁶

On the march these pastoral dragoons must have cut a picturesque figure against the summer-browned hills of the California coast, the colors of their serapes catching the sunlight, their leathern cuirasses and *defensas* flapping in the breeze and their colored lance-pennants fluttering above them. An occasional shield with its Castilian heraldry, too, must have betokened the semi-feudal and languishing order they sought to defend. The Spanish corps, however, did not have a monopoly upon the picturesque, if we consider the appearance of the Bear Flag contingents which had been incorporated into the California Battalion. The Rev. Walter Colton, chaplain in the Pacific Squadron, and alcalde at Monterey after the American occupation, with his customary flare for superlatives, described the American force that raised the flag at San Juan in these words: "The citizens glanced at them through their grated windows, their rifles, revolving pistols and long knives glittering over the dusky buckskins, which enveloped their sinewy limbs, while their untrimmed locks flowing out from under their foraging caps, and their black beards and white teeth glittering through, gave them a wild, savage aspect."⁶⁷

Having now traced a picture of the militia-army of defense from its origin in Vallejo's recruiting forays and Micheltorena's be-generated proclamation and having noted its actual organization and operation under the harassed aegis of Castro and Pico, we see that it was a defense both resourceful and quixotic. The four or five hundred men who drove out the garrisons of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles and kept Yankee troops at bay for over three months operated not only against the obstacles of superior numbers and better disciplined troops, but against lack of food, clothing, arms and salary. In the early stages of the defense apathetic recruiting was an added handicap. Yet, despite these inadequacies, the Mexican troops, with the one advan-

tage on their side of being mounted and well-trained in horsemanship, offered a commendable resistance. The period of operations under General Flores, in particular, exhibited the self-sufficiency and capacities of the Californians to utilize the resources at hand. If their resistance was doomed to defeat by these internal factors sketched above, as well as by the existence of a relatively unlimited offensive from the "Northern Republic," that defense was none the less distinct and none the less gallant.

NOTES

1. Duflot de Mofras, Eugène, *Exploration du territoire de l'Orégon*, I, 401-2.
2. Bancroft, H. H., *California pastoral*, 303.
3. Duflot de Mofras, *Exploration du territoire de l'Orégon*, I, 428-29, 325-26.
4. *Ibid*, I, 459.
5. Duflot de Mofras, *Exploration du territoire de l'Orégon*, I, 326.
6. Vallejo, Mariano Guadalupe, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, correspondence throughout Vol. X, especially letter to Minister of War, January 1, 1846, X, 10; *Recuerdos historicos*, MS in Bancroft Library, IV, 437-438; Marian L. Lothrop, Vallejo, *Defender of the Northern Frontier*, M. A. thesis, University of California, 230 ff.
7. Prado to Vallejo, Santa Barbara, June 7, 1841, Vallejo, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, X, 159.
8. Vallejo to Governor Alvarado, November 17, 1841, *ibid*, X, 349. This idea is in evidence throughout the correspondence in Vol. X.
9. Vallejo, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, X, 349.
10. Castañares and Rivera were specifically Governor Alvarado's emissaries and may have been instructed to argue against the merging of the governorship with the commandancy generalship. Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, 282-283.
11. Señora Ord gives a several-page account of the experiences of her own household with the stealing and law-breaking battalion, *Occurencias en California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 131 ff.
12. *Circulares relativos a los cuerpos de la frontera y organización de las fuerzas de politica con Col. Ygnacio Yniesta (sic) y otros*, May 9 to December 23, 1845 (81 letters); *Correspondencia referenta a la expedición de Col. Rafael Telles a la Alta California*, March 2 to March 28, 1846, transcripts in the Bancroft Library from the Archivo General de Mexico, Guerra y Marina, Operaciones militares, legajo 7, fraccion 1, 1845, and legajo 5, fraccion 1, 1846, respectively.
13. This document was printed on the Zamorano press at Monterey and is in broad-sheet form, but printed on both sides of the page. A copy is in the Bancroft Library.
14. *Departmental state papers, military*, MSS in Bancroft Library, XLVIII, 51-53.
15. *Departmental state papers*, MSS in Bancroft Library, VII, 78-80.
16. *Ibid*, VII, 87, 89; Flores, Proclamation, Los Angeles, October 17, 1846, Janssens. *Documentos*, MS in Bancroft Library, 23-25; Flores, Proclamation, Los Angeles, November 5, 1846, *ibid*, 35-37.
17. Bancroft, *California pastoral*, 300.
18. Castro, José, *Banda militar* in *Departmental state papers*, MSS in Bancroft Library, VII, 58-59. (Translated in *California Historical Society Quarterly*, I, July, 1922, pp. 93-94.)

19. Manuel Torres in *Peripicios de la vida de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 120, explains the Californians' peaceable inclinations, barring the political *caudillos*, on the basis of their close blood-relationships through marriage.

20. Revere, Joseph Warren, *Tour of duty*, 75.

21. *Monterey Archives*, MSS in Bancroft Library, VIII, 40-45.

22. Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 134, 145.

23. Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 253.

24. Bancroft states that Pico had but 100 men a month before at Santa Barbara, *History of California*, V, 142.

25. Pico to Mexican government, April 5, 1847, transcript from Archivo General de Mexico.

26. Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 267.

27. Rico, *Memoria historica*, MS in Bancroft Library, 30, 34; Moreno, *Vida militar*, MS in Bancroft Library, 19, 21-23; Flores report to Mexican government after eviction of Gillespie, transcript from Archivo General de Mexico in Bancroft Library; Flores to Pico, November 22, 1846, Pico, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, II, 101-103; Flores to Cota, November 22, Olvera, *Documentos*, MS in Bancroft Library, 63-65.

28. Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 337.

29. Flores to Pico, November 22, 1846, Pico, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, II, 101-3; Bancroft, *History of California*, V, 343.

30. *Ibid*, V, 356.

31. *Ibid*, V, 391.

32. *Ibid*, V, 360.

33. William R. Garner in his *California letters to the North American*, November and December, 1846, is illuminating in this regard. (Reprint by William Abbatt, Tarrytown, New York, 1924, from *Magazine of History*, XXVI, iii, extra number 103.

34. Manuel Castro to Justice of the Peace José Pacheco, San José, March 12, 1846, in *San José loose papers* (City Clerk), MS in Bancroft Library, 35-36.

35. Evidence of irregularities, reductions and permission for entrance at illegal ports is to be found in the correspondence of the Appleton Company of Boston with their agent, Henry Mellus, especially letters, March 7, April 19, May 10, June 14, and August 23, 1846, photostats and transcripts from Gordon Dexter collection, Harvard University.

36. Treasury report, September 3, 1845, *Departmental state papers, military*, MSS in Bancroft Library, XLVIII, 51-53. This number includes two retired officers' pensions. The salary scale appears to be determined by influence of the incumbent rather than by military rank.

37. Extract of a copy of Missroon's report in the Leidesdorff collection of loose documents, MSS in Huntington Library. A similar scale is to be found in the *Fort Sutter papers*, MSS in Huntington Library, XXIII, 94.

38. There is evidence, however, of payroll difficulties running through the *Departmental state papers, military*, from 1836 on.

39. Captain Grigsby's list of rations and bill of George Yount to United States Army, July 4, 1846, in *Vallejo collection* of loose documents, MSS in Huntington Library.

40. Captain Grigsby's list of rations, *Vallejo collection*, MSS in Huntington Library.

41. Lieutenant Revere's bill for supplies, *Vallejo collection*, MSS in Huntington Library.

42. Receipt of James Griffith for articles received from Lieutenant Revere, August 7, 1846, *Vallejo collection*, MSS in Huntington Library.

43. Receipts of privates for trousers and mattresses, *Vallejo collection*, MSS in Huntington Library.
44. Account of Pedro J. Lesse with Lieutenant Missroon at Sonoma, September 12, *Vallejo collection*, MSS in Huntington Library.
45. Estevan de la Torre, *Reminiscencias*, MS in Bancroft Library, 147-148; Vicente Gomez, *Lo que sabe*, MS in Bancroft Library, 280-282.
46. Pico to Justice of the Peace, San José, April 30, 1846, *San José loose papers* (City Clerk), MS in Bancroft Library, 31. There is a letter from Francisco Guerrero, Prefect at San Francisco to Pinto, Sub-prefect at Monterey, March 12, 1846, asking for an advance to buy provisions for some men who had joined Castro's militia but who had no equipment, Rafael Pinto, *Documentos*, MSS in Bancroft Library, II, 227.
47. Torre, *Reminiscencias*, MS in Bancroft Library, 154.
48. Gomez, *Lo que sabe*, MS in Bancroft Library, 280, 285-287; Torre, *Reminiscencias*, MS in Bancroft Library, 150 ff.; Bancroft, *California pastoral*, 304.
49. *Departmental state papers*, MSS in Bancroft Library, VII, 76.
50. Janssens, *Documentos*, MS in Bancroft Library, especially entry for October 25, 1846, 28-29.
51. Antonio Coronel, *Cosas de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 103.
52. The most recent study of California costume, made by Margaret Mackey and Louise Sooy, recognizes no substantial change from 1822 to 1846, *Early California costumes*, 49-52.
53. Mackey and Sooy, *Early California costumes*, 49.
54. Wood, William M., *Wandering sketches*, 222-223.
55. Coronel, *Cosas de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 237-239; Sanchez, Nellie, *Spanish Arcadia*, 167 (based on description by Captain Beechey of the English ship *Blossom*); Mackey and Sooy, *Early California costumes*, 39-48.
56. Coronel, *Cosas de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 239. This practice is evidenced in the Micheltorena proclamation. Mackey and Sooy, though evidently not using Coronel as a source (it is not in their bibliography) recognize this civilian-clothed soldier as a distinct type characteristic of the 1846 defense, terming him *Un Lancero Mejicano*.
57. Coronel, *Cosas de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 235.
58. Coronel, *Cosas de California*, MS in Bancroft Library, 96.
59. Mackey and Sooy, *Early California costumes*, 43.
60. Balbridge, William, *Days of forty-eight*, MS in Bancroft Library, 35.
61. Revere, *Keel and Saddle*, 146.
62. Buelna, Felipe, Notes on Spanish defense in *Miscellaneous historical papers*, MSS in Bancroft Library, No. 4, p. 25.
63. This notion is to be found in both Mexican and American writers: See Balbridge, *Days of forty-eight*, MS in Bancroft Library, 34 ff. Gomez, *Lo que sabe*, MS in Bancroft Library, 302.
64. Davis, W. H., *Seventy-five years in California*, 282; see also Wilson, Benjamin D., *Observations*, MS in Bancroft Library, 102, and Balbridge, *Days of forty-eight*, MS in Bancroft Library, 34-36.
65. This procedure is remarked by most all the records of the battles of Dominguez Ranch and San Pasqual.
66. Pico, Pio, *Narracion*, MS in Bancroft Library, 112-115.
67. Lancey, Thomas C., *Cruise of the Dale*, 102. (Newspaper clipping in pasted scrap-book, Bancroft Library.)

THE FRENCH CONSULATE IN CALIFORNIA 1843-1856

THE MOERENHOUT DOCUMENTS*

[CONTINUED]

INTRODUCTION TO DOCUMENTS ON THE GOLD RUSH

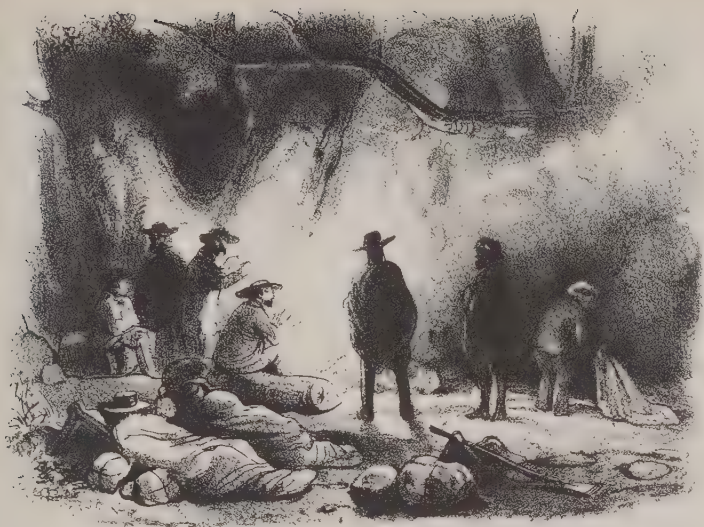
By George Ezra Dane

TO MOST laymen the California Gold Rush is an event of 1849 and the '50's. This conception has even passed into the language with the "Forty-niners." Of course it is school-book learning that Marshall saw the fateful glitter in the tail-race of Sutter's mill on January 24, 1848, and anyone at all familiar with California history knows that the excitement was intense before that year was out. But reliable contemporary accounts of when and how that excitement spread, and of what was happening in California during the mad summer of '48 are very few.

Colton was here, entering keen but rather desultory observations in his diary. Lieutenant Buffum was making note of the scenes which he later described. The Mormon boys, Smith and Bigler, wrote stilted diary entries of the history they saw in the making at Sutter's mill. Larkin, the former American consul, contributed some valuable but infrequent correspondence. The versatile Dr. Wierzbicki summarized and prophesied well, but gave no connected chronicle of events. It is eloquent of the paucity of material on this period that a book which competent authorities long considered one of the best accounts of '48 has turned out to be a monumental hoax.¹ Even the newspapers fail us. The *Californian* and the *Star* had hardly begun to take the discovery seriously when, abandoned alike by printers, publishers and readers, they suspended publication.²

Colonel Mason, the military governor, was frantically writing for more money to pay the wages that were necessary to keep the whole government and military force from deserting to join the rush to the mines. His famous report of August 17, 1848, has up to the present been considered the most

*The discovery of the Moerenhout correspondence in the Archives of the French Foreign Office by Dr. Abraham P. Nasatir was a most fortunate one which well rewards his exhaustive researches among French sources for facts bearing upon the history of California. For assistance in the translation and annotation of the documents Dr. Nasatir wishes to acknowledge his obligation both to Dr. Owen C. Coy and to Mr. George E. Dane.



ON THE ROAD TO THE MINES—A CAMPFIRE



LIFE AT THE "DIGGINGS"—SUPPER TIME

(From the Dutch edition of Ryan's *Adventures in California*, reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Carl Hoffman.)

authentic account of the Gold Rush in its earliest stages. But the duties of the Governor's office were many and pressing, and Mason could not allow himself more than three or four days in the mines, or more than half a dozen pages to report what he had seen there.³

There was one man in California at this time, however, selected and delegated for the very function of observing and reporting his observations. He was unoccupied by other affairs, a keen observer and a prolific writer, and his record, now published in its entirety for the first time, gives a contemporary picture and day-to-day account of the "Days of 'Forty-eight" which should contribute to bring that period into the prominence which it deserves.

This man was Jacques Antoine Moerenhout, consul of His Majesty the King of the French at Monterey. He had fought under Napoleon, traded in South America, been consul for the Netherlands in Valparaiso and for the United States in Tahiti, a highly favored courtier of the young Queen Pomaré and a negotiator for France in her acquisition of the Society Islands. He had written a book on his voyages in the South Seas which had earned and still commands the respect of geographers and historians. A skillful painter of miniatures, he had the artist's keen perception, and was as deft with the pen as with the brush.⁴

Great events have a way of finding their own historians, and the Gold Rush found a worthy one in Moerenhout. Following his correspondence with "*Monsieur le Ministre*," we learn of the quicksilver excitement, then hear the first rumours of the gold placer, too fabulous for belief; witness the astonishing proofs, and the spread of the "fever," first to the restless American immigrants, then to the normally apathetic Californians, until towns are depopulated, garrisons and ships deserted, commerce is paralyzed, women and children are left alone on the ranchos, and crops left standing in the fields.

"Never, I think," says the Consul, "has there been such excitement in any country of the world." It is too much for him to withstand, and he also takes to the road now "crowded with people, with horses and with carriages." He leaves Monterey on July 5, and returns to dispatch his report to Paris on August 17, the same date on which Mason sent his to Washington. Yet Mason, whose trip had lasted a month, was but three days at the mines, whereas Moerenhout, absent six weeks, was for at least two weeks touring the various diggings. No detail escaped him, and the diary which makes up the body of his report is replete with description, character sketches, and accounts of adventure which make it a document truly of literary as well as historic value.

The report of his trip to the mines runs to 118 pages in the copyist's neat hand, and is but one chapter in the continued story of his correspondence. This goes on through 1849, and includes the account of a second visit to the mines, in which the changes that a year has wrought are emphasized by con-

trast. Moerenhout's chronicle ends with his displacement by an appointee of the new French Republic, in 1850.

The Consul's story of the gold rush itself begins with his first mention, on May 15, 1848, of the discovery "of a gold placer . . . in the plain of the Sacramento near New Helvetia." But to the drama of the gold rush there is a prologue, which sets the stage and clearly shows that there was already a great deal of excitement over the mineral riches of the country before Marshall had cut a timber for the sawmill at Coloma. There was coal near San Pablo Bay, silver at Alisal, a mountain of mercury at New Almaden. Gold had been mined at San Fernando since 1842⁵, and many rumors ran of its existence elsewhere. The padres knew of it from the Indians, it was said, and there were tales of strange secret experiments which the priests had performed with quicksilver behind closed doors. It has even been told that one of them had little golden pellets which he gave as presents.⁶

To all of these reports the French Consul's ears were open, and he prophesied great developments for the future.

PROLOGUE TO THE GOLD RUSH

On March 21, 1847, so reports the Consul, died in the city of *Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles*, Charles Baric, native of Bordeaux, aged 33 to 34 years.⁷ So is recalled the first mining conducted on a commercial scale in California. For Baric it was who, in partnership with Francisco ("Chico") Lopez, engaged in the exploitation of the gold placer discovered by Lopez in 1842 on the Del Valle rancho near San Fernando Mission. Engaging at low wages men of experience in the placers of Sonora, Baric and Lopez cleared several thousand dollars on the venture, and made what was probably the first shipment of bullion from California.⁸ Just how much they took out is not known, and estimates have varied from \$6,000 to \$100,000. Probably \$25,000 is a liberal estimate.⁹ Baric's share, at any rate, did not last long. In reporting his death, the Consul says that his affairs were in a "deplorable state." One of his associates, Louis Auguste Martin, had committed suicide. The firm was bankrupt, with liabilities of some thirty thousand dollars.¹⁰

By this time the San Fernando placer was worked out, but a new mining excitement had arisen. Andres Castillero had located a veritable mountain of cinnabar near Santa Clara. It was wonderfully rich in quicksilver and bade fair to surpass the great Almaden mines in Spain, after which it had been named, "New Almaden." It was in November, 1845, that Captain Castillero, up from Mexico on a secret mission, became interested in the vermillion earth that was being used to paint the Mission church at Santa Clara. On November 22 and December 3 of that year, he filed with Alcalde Antonio Maria Pico the "denouncement" papers which were afterwards to be subjected to such fierce legal attack, and eventually held insufficient.¹¹

They were good enough for the time being, however. In June, 1846,

Moerenhout's predecessor, the Acting Consul Gasquet, in reporting the discovery,¹² says that the exploitation of the mine has been commenced, "and the results which it has given, with very imperfect means, have surpassed the most favorable calculations." Gasquet is "convinced that a well-directed exploitation ought to give magnificent and easily realized results because of the nearness of Mexico, which consumes so much quicksilver." He thinks the mine could easily be purchased, and would like to see it pass into French hands. He urges the establishment of a French company, which he believes could make great profit out of mining in California.

Castillero, says Gasquet, left for Mexico April 4, 1846, on a government mission, and will probably take advantage of his sojourn there "to find a company which may furnish them capital and men," but Gasquet predicts that he will have difficulty "because of the revolutions which are desolating Mexico and of the precarious situation of California."

In fact, that enterprising Englishman, Alexander Forbes, of Barron, Forbes and Co. at Tepic, had already heard of the discovery, and was writing to James Alexander Forbes, the British Vice-Consul at Monterey, for further details. The latter promptly complied, and before the year was out, Alexander Forbes, through the mediation of the Vice-Consul and Father MacNamara, the intriguing Irish priest, had Castillero and the others interested with him signed up to an agreement by which capital and management were to be furnished by Barron, Forbes & Co. on terms very favorable to the latter.¹³

Moerenhout reports the arrival at Monterey, on March 21, 1847, of the little English schooner *William*, bearing Robert Walkinshaw, agent for Barron, Forbes & Co., and a cargo the proceeds of which were intended to furnish capital for the New Almaden Mine. But here the promoters had a foretaste of the endless difficulties which they were destined to have with the American authorities. The schooner and her cargo were seized and condemned as the property of residents of Mexico.¹⁴

But this does not deter the enterprising Englishmen.¹⁵ They feel riches within their grasp. "By the new assays which have just been made at Santa Clara," Moerenhout reports, "it has been found that the production of this mine will far exceed the already unusually large amount announced at the time of the discovery, fourteen or fifteen months ago. The latest assays have given the extraordinary result of 35 per cent. of pure metal over the whole extent of a vein four varas (eleven French feet) wide, from the top to the foot of the mountain, and from 8 to 12 per cent. over a width of a thousand varas. The whole mountain seems in fact to be a mass of mercury." James Alexander Forbes, the English Consul, is living at Santa Clara. He has an interest in the mine, "and since he was instructed by the owners to commence operations in order to preserve their rights, he has extracted fifteen quintals of quicksilver in three months, by means of a whaler's try-pot."

One can understand with the Consul the chagrin of the Frenchmen who had rejected the offer of shares in this mine simply for lending their names and their presence to the enterprise at Santa Clara.¹⁶

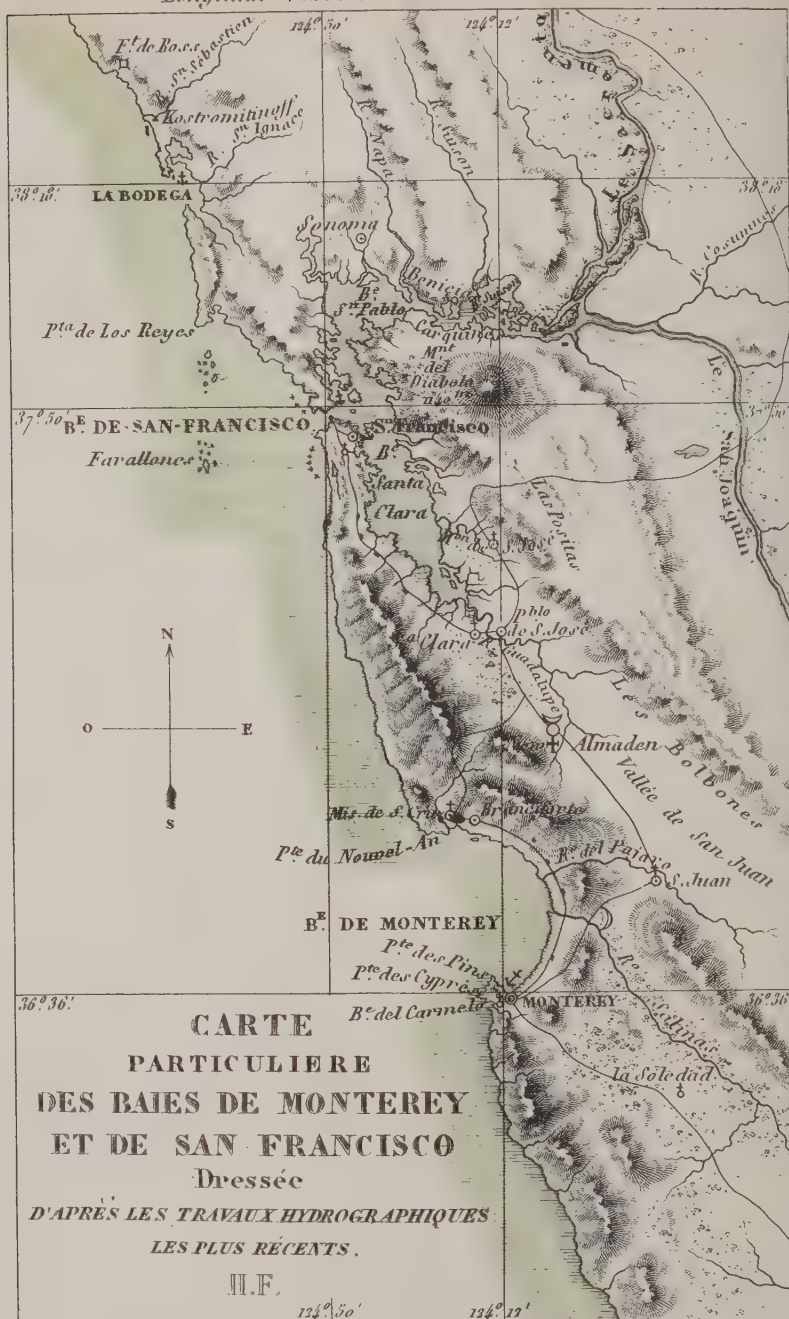
On January 1, 1848, Moerenhout, surveying the commerce of California for the benefit of the Minister, sees but one hope for the future. "The mines of precious metals alone," he says, "seem to give promise of great results. Discoveries of those containing mercury are continually being made. Several situated in the vicinity of the one called Santa Clara [New Almaden] have been denounced." These are only small veins but very frequent and extremely rich. They yield 20 to 25 per cent. and lead to deposits of cinnabar which gives from 60 to 70 per cent. The ore taken from the Santa Clara mine in three months by seventeen workmen, should produce at least a thousand quintals of quicksilver, but up to this time the methods of distillation have been so crude that it has been necessary to suspend work and several workmen have been poisoned from breathing mercury fumes.¹⁷

Again on March 15, 1848, the Consul reports to the Minister of Marine, that the only exports of any importance at present are hides and tallow, but to these there will soon be added, among other natural products, California's "immense riches in mines of quicksilver and other precious metals."¹⁸ Under the same date he addresses a detailed report on the mercury mines to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Still further discoveries have been made and "denounced" according to the Mexican procedure, but the Governor's decree of February 12 abrogating the Mexican laws on the subject, "has halted the Californians and even the foreigners in the enthusiasm of their prospecting for mines, the result of which would have been soon to make known a part of the immense riches which this country possesses in mines of mercury and precious metals." It might even, he believes, have led to the discovery of coal mines, so necessary to the development of the country, and which are known to exist, since one has just been discovered, of good quality, but too scattering to be worked with profit.¹⁹

The Consul evidently does not yet know of the discovery made by accident at Sutter's mill, the first published notice of which appeared in the *Californian* on the date of this letter, March 15, 1848. Governor Mason's decree, of which he speaks, was also causing trouble to Sutter in his efforts to secure for himself some rights to the American River placer,²⁰ and the uncertainty in which it left the law was destined to have a far-reaching effect in forcing the miners to adopt their own regulations.

Moerenhout for the moment is imbued with the quicksilver excitement. Several Californians, out of simple generosity, and to show their regard for France, have offered to share their new-found mineral fortunes with the Consul. First Alvarado, the former governor, had offered him half of his already well-known Alisal silver mine, and similar offers have been made to him by Ignacio Soto and Pedro Chabollo, of shares in their quicksilver

Longitude Ouest du Méridien de Paris.



Gravé par M. de la Haye.
14. 6. Châlon-sur-Saône.

Lieues communes de 25 au degré

5 10 15 20 25 Lieues

From Hypolite Ferry's *Description de la nouvelle Californie*, Paris, 1850.
 (Note the sign of Mercury designating New Almaden.)

mines. James Alexander Forbes, the British Consul, was receiving and accepting such offers, and was very active in the profitable New Almaden. But, alas, it was forbidden for French consuls to engage in business, and the conscientious Moerenhout is uncertain what to do. He has finally decided to go to San Jose and to accept conditionally, or to ask the time necessary to submit the question to His Excellency, the Minister.²¹ The pathetic part of it is, that as a result of the February, 1848, revolution, Moerenhout was to be dismissed within a few weeks,²² but it was many months before the news of his dismissal could reach him, and the knocks of opportunity were not repeated. He might console himself, however, with the thought that the Soto and Chabollo mines were sour grapes, for the Governor's decree was rendered before they were "denounced."

After a trip to San José in January to survey the mines, Moerenhout is able to give precise details concerning them, and a list of nine which have thus far been discovered, "denounced" and to some extent proven.²³

So far the richest of these and the only one that has been worked is the New Almaden. Of the twenty-four shares into which it is divided, Alexander Forbes, British Consul at Tepic, has thirteen, and James Alexander Forbes, British Consul in California, two. The former also has the right to work it for eighteen or twenty years, in consideration of the payment of one-third of the net profit, proportionately, to the others interested.

Alexander Forbes, who came up from Tepic in November, is to return shortly, and from there will go to Europe to procure the necessary machinery for distilling the mercury. The means thus far used—try-pots from whaling ships—have proven inefficient and unsafe, although by mixing lime with the ore somewhat better results have been obtained. Yet despite the crudity of the methods, Alexander Forbes will be able to take with him 320 iron flasks of mercury, worth at least \$40,000. This is the product of some three or four months' work, during which the eight or ten miners have accumulated enough ore to produce another thousand quintals of the metal.

Forbes is to leave an agent with authority to get options on all available claims.²⁴ Since Forbes' firm is the only one in the field with sufficient capital and with the necessary iron flasks, it seems probable that they will succeed in securing a virtual monopoly of the production and at very low prices. It is indeed "truly a colossal affair, this mine of Mr. Forbes!"²⁵

On May 15, 1848, Moerenhout is again at San José to visit the "mercury and coal mines recently discovered in this district." He has gathered samples of the various ores, which he is forwarding to his government.

The New Almaden mine is fulfilling all hopes and expectations. "Situated on the summit of a mountain, 1300 feet above the beautiful valley where the furnaces have been built, it gives promise of an inexhaustible supply. The only disadvantage so far encountered is the difficulty of the roads. It costs from 15 to 16 francs per ton to transport the ore, which is cleaned and

sorted near the mine, from the mountain to the place where it is distilled."

The tunnel has now been extended some two hundred feet into the mountain, and several drifts have been run out to explore the ore body, which has proven to be an immense mass. "In passing through *La Esperanza* Tunnel which crosses the principal vein, the walls on either side of one are of metal, the stairs on which one walks are of cinnabar, and the peak itself is simply a mass of the richest ore." Work is progressing in other quicksilver mines also, and some give promise of great richness. Several coal mines have also been discovered in the vicinity of San Jose.²⁶ It is said also that other discoveries have been made, but the discoverers, "fearing to lose them on account of the Governor's decree of February 12, refuse to make them known."

Thus is established the existence of at least one source of vast mineral riches destined in eighty years to contribute \$110,000,000.00 to the wealth of California.²⁷ The future of the conquered country has already begun to take on a different aspect. It is with good reason that the French consul prophesies the end of the pastoral era of hides and tallow, and the development of new industries—"Lumber, salmon fisheries, agricultural products, salt and dried meats," but above all the "immense riches in mines of mercury and precious metals."²⁸ For now a new rumour is spreading, a new excitement is brewing.

It is May of 1848. The Consul is writing from San José about the quicksilver mines. He does not wish to appear unduly credulous or to burden the Minister with fantastic stories, but the rumors from the American River are now too persistent to be ignored.

Thus the curtain rises on the Gold Rush.

XIV

MOERENHOUT TO MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS¹

Pueblo de San José de Guadalupe

May 15, 1848.

Monsieur le Ministre:

I cannot yet tell Your Excellency of [all] the many discoveries of mines of precious metals which have been made in all parts of Upper California, but especially in this district, where all other riches seem to be combined with those of agriculture; but the most important new discovery, and [the one] which just now is causing the most excitement, is that of a gold placer, which is found in the plain of the Sacramento near New Helvetia. This deposit or placer, it is said, is more than twenty leagues in length and of a considerable width. The gold is found in flakes (*paillettes*) in a sort of loose alluvial soil. This deposit is as rich as the richest placers of Sonora, in Mexico.

Being unable to go there myself to examine it, I have written to M. Sutter, the owner of New Helvetia, to ask him for some details of this discovery. The discovery of a platinum mine is also spoken of; but although this country may be rich in mines of precious metals, and the existence of the placer proven to me by the gold put in circulation, some reports which are being passed around are certainly either false or exaggerated, and until I can myself go over the ground where these mines are, or until I receive reports from trustworthy persons, I believe that I should limit myself to informing Your Excellency that they have been claimed (*dénoncées*) and that it is probable that they exist.

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XV

MOERENHOUT TO MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS¹

Monterey,
June 10, 1848.

Monsieur le Ministre:

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Enclosed I have the honor of sending to Your Excellency the duplicate of my letter of May 15, from Pueblo de San José. In that letter I mention the discovery of a placer or deposit of gold which had just been found in the Sacramento valley near the river of the same name. Far from belying the reports which were circulating about the time that I had the honor of writing to Your Excellency from the Pueblo of San José, this discovery seems on the contrary to be surpassing all that was said of it then. Since several people have subsequently come from the place with quantities of gold, very large in proportion to the few days that they had worked there, the proofs are too positive now to leave any doubt as to the extreme richness of this deposit. Some of those who worked there have made three to five hundred francs per day, but it seems that the usual product of a day's work is from thirty to fifty francs.

At the time of my departure from Pueblo de San José, the 20th of May last, more than two-thirds of the Americans and other foreigners living in the port of Yerba Buena had left it to go to the Sacramento; of fifty volunteers of the garrison, thirty-four had just deserted, [taking] with [them their] arms and equipment; all the ships in the port had lost their crews; and there was not a workman left to perform the slightest task.

This movement which began first at Sonoma and Yerba Buena, situated nearer to the Sacramento, now seems to be spreading gradually, like a contagion, over the whole country. At the Pueblo de San José all the foreigners are preparing to leave. When I passed through Santa Cruz, I found not an American left. The Frenchmen established there were also about to go, and

the saw-mills where they were working had stopped for lack of labor. At Monterey the emigration has been smaller and less general. However, all the Americans who were not detained by quite important business affairs have gone, and others are preparing to follow them, and this place, like all the others, will soon find itself without a workman and almost without a foreigner.

One remarkable thing is that this movement has up to now been confined to the Americans and the other foreigners, because except for a few Sonorans here, who are experienced and know the method of washing the sands and auriferous soil, hardly a Mexican or Californian has yet left, either from ordinary curiosity, as in the case of some foreigners, or to profit from the riches which are scattered in such profusion at such a little distance. And for that matter, this discovery has indeed furnished an excellent occasion for judging well the great difference that there is between the characters of the two races, the Anglo-American and the Spanish descendants of this continent. The former, quick to decide, with almost nomadic habits, and dominated by a single passion, that of enriching himself, as in the present case, abandons home and interests or disposes of them as he can and, taking only the bare necessities, leaves with wives [sic] and children for an unknown place where he and his family will be exposed to a thousand privations and sufferings, but where he hopes to find wherewithal to satisfy his ambition, change his social position and assist in the execution of his projects for the future. The Californian on the other hand, calm in the midst of the general excitement, continues his even train of life, awaits further news, and though he be poor and in need, seems still quite undecided whether he, too, really should go to gather a little of this gold which he desires as much as anyone and which it makes him jealous and angry to see fall into the hands of foreigners. But despite this apathy and the charm which this careless and vagabond life, which they nearly all lead, seems to have for them, it is probable that when they see the gold in circulation they will likewise bestir themselves. It is even feared that the very Indians will catch the excitement and that soon farmers will be without help and families without servants and that the lack of hands will make it impossible to gather the harvest which is so promising this year.

In my last [dispatch] I said to Your Excellency that according to the reports in circulation this deposit was about twenty leagues long over a considerable width. This report seems also to be confirmed. Its location is between the Sacramento and one of its tributaries, the American River, and it extends eastward to near the Sierra Nevada. The gold, mixed with particles or grains of platinum, is found sprinkled throughout a sort of sand underneath a shallow layer of vegetable soil. The layer of sand or loose soil in which these metals are found is several metres thick and has a layer of clay as its base, and it is near this last that the largest quantity of gold and platinum is found. These metals are found in flakes (*paillettes*) and in

grains. Some of the grains weigh as much as two and three ounces. I do not know what its fineness is, but it is received in trade at Yerba Buena, at the rate of fourteen dollars an ounce. The price of platinum has not yet been fixed.

It is probable that this discovery will turn aside the storm which again seemed to be threatening the country, for [with] the Americans abandoning the places where their presence and their actions were beginning to cause so much discontent, and the Californians finding themselves more or less occupied by this discovery and by so many others that are being made daily, it is probable that soon both will be thinking only of their affairs and their private interests and that the country will remain quiet.

The commerce of this country is altogether paralyzed. Cash being absolutely lacking, nothing is bought or sold, but it is hoped that some ships of the American fleet will soon return from Mazatlan, and that the money which they will put into circulation, as well as the placer gold which is already beginning to appear, may revive business a bit. Just now the construction of houses and other buildings is suspended for lack of resources and workmen.

I have the honor of being, with the deepest respect,

Your Excellency's very humble and very obedient servant,

J. A. MOERENHOUT,
The Consul of France.

XVI

MOERENHOUT TO MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS¹

Monterey,
August 17, 1848.

Monsieur le Ministre:

By the letter which I had the honor of sending you from the Pueblo de San José on the fourteenth of this month² I informed Your Excellency that out of a desire to be able to give you some exact details concerning the discoveries of auriferous lands recently made in this country, I had gone there myself in order to examine the various localities from which gold is now being taken and to let you know as soon as possible the present state of the workings, their production and the importance of these discoveries.

I left Monterey the fifth of July, accompanied by three Frenchmen, Joseph La Bourdire, Pierre Leguere and ——— Pipi, and by a California Indian servant of mine. In two days we reached the Pueblo de San José, twenty-nine or thirty leagues distant from Monterey. There another Frenchman, Arnaud Maubé,³ and two Californians joined us; but as I was advised in view of the length and the difficulties of the journey, to carry provisions for three weeks at least, I found it necessary to buy two pack-horses. These

added preparations caused us to lose four days, and it was not until the eleventh towards noon that we left the Pueblo de San José.

During this short stay at the Pueblo, I was struck by the changes that had been wrought in the spirit of the inhabitants since my last visit on the fifteenth of May. At that time several Americans had left for the gold regions, abandoning homes and crops, and almost all the other foreigners living there and in the vicinity were preparing to follow them. But the Californians, so difficult to excite and doubtful of the importance of this discovery or believing the reports then in circulation highly exaggerated, still showed much indifference and seemed not to care to go. Whereas today, out of the five hundred men comprised in the Pueblo and in the farms for several leagues around, hardly thirty or forty remain. All have left for the placer and the few who are still there speak of going, too. Never, I think, has there been such excitement in any country of the world. Everywhere the women have been left alone, even in the most isolated farms, for the Indians too are either taken by their masters or go by themselves to search for gold, and this ferment, far from diminishing, continues to increase and to spread. The roads are crowded with people, with horses and with carriages. At the Pueblo of San José, which due to its situation has become as it were the center of all this excitement, there reigns such a stir and activity as to make one believe that he is no longer in the same country nor among the same people, and that in two months both have changed their nature and condition.

Having started ahead of my companions, I waited for them at the Mission de San José five leagues from the Pueblo; but they did not arrive at the Mission until about five o'clock in the evening, having been held back by trouble with the pack-horses, and we were able to go only as far as the opening of a plain situated two leagues east-northeast of the Mission and known by the name of *llanito*, little plain. This plain or valley is formed by the central range, which, just above the Mission de San José divides into two branches, one of which goes to the northwest toward *San Paublo* [San Pablo Bay] and Carquinez Strait, and the other to the north-northwest toward *Sushun* [Suisun] Bay, one of the principal divisions of the Bay of San Francisco.

As we were leaving the Mission we met Colonel Mason, Governor of California, who had just visited a part of the gold regions. He was returning amazed, and assured me that the reality far surpassed all reports which had been made to him and [indeed] all reports in circulation.

Wishing more particularly to inform Your Excellency concerning the discovery of the auriferous lands, I have not paused to describe the country from Monterey to the Pueblo de San José, or to the place where we stopped this day, but I believe that in order to point out among other advantages what facilities this country offers for communication by land, I should call to your attention that in going from Monterey to the Pueblo de San José,

following the so-called *Toro* [creek] road from the port to the *Plaine de la Nation* [Rancho Nacional] a distance of four leagues and then going from this plain to that of San Juan by way of the *Cañada* or *vallon* of San Miguel [San Miguel canyon] along the banks of the *Pagaro* [Pajaro] river and continuing from there [by] the highway which crosses this beautiful and fertile plain, one has an easy and perfectly even route from Monterey to the Pueblo, which, if it were desired to build a railway over it, would require hardly any grading. It is the same again to go from the Pueblo de San José to Yerba Buena on the one hand, or on the other to *San Paulo* [San Pablo Bay] and to Carquinez Strait and *Sushun* [Suisun] Bay, for the San Juan plain extending as it does from eighteen to twenty leagues along the south-west and northeast sides of the bay of San Francisco and communicating with the *llanito* valley where we are now by an easy and nearly level pass known as *paso de los coralitos*, one may go through the *llanito* valley to the strait or to *Suibun* Bay by an easy even road. This linking of waterways with highways, that is to say, the roads from Monterey and the Pueblo [de San José] with the Bay of San Francisco [and] the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, provides an open, well defined route from the capital to the northern extremity of the country.

July 12th

We started again at daybreak. A little way from the place where we had passed the night the road forks. One branch goes in a northwesterly direction to the Strait and the Sacramento, the other leads in an east-northeasterly direction to the crossing of the San Joaquin River. The two are now perfectly well defined, for they both lead to the gold country. We took the one to the east-northeast, for despite the difficulties of crossing the San Joaquin River in this season, our Californians positively refused to go by way of the Strait, and perhaps with reason, as since ferries have been established there several accidents have occurred.

Having been delayed again by several incidents we were today only able to reach a place called *Los positos*,⁴ which forms as it were the eastern edge of this valley, five or six leagues from the place where we had passed the night. There again we met several travelers, for besides the excellent water, there is abundant pasturage there also, things which I am assured are not to be found from there to the San Joaquin River, a distance of seven or eight leagues.

July 13th

This morning, leaving our camp and the pretty valley which we had just crossed, we entered almost immediately into a dismal and dry country, the sterility of which increases as we advance through the hills toward the mountains, which unlike those of the northwest side of the valley seemed to me to be entirely composed of a dry and sandy soil, little suited to vegeta-

tion and apparently quite rarely watered, for nowhere did I see any deep ravines or any indication of ravages made by water in the rainy season.

To enter from this valley into the *Tulares* or San Joaquin plain there is an easy route called the *San Gonsalo* or *Gonsado* pass, which I wished to reconnoiter; but my Californian companions, impatient to reach the placer, decided to take a route more direct but also more difficult and even dangerous, especially for the pack-horses. However, after an hour and a half of toil, reaching the top of the mountains, we had the satisfaction of getting a magnificent view of the plain through which the San Joaquin River runs and which extends with it as far as the eye can see to the north and to the south. It is also of considerable width and is bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

While the descent was no less difficult or dangerous than the ascent had been, it happily was not so long. Coming again into a sort of dale, we were diverted in turn by the sight of several antelope, of *coyotes*, a variety of large fox, and an enormous bear, which was coming down a mountain and heading toward us. When he saw us he stopped, as though uncertain, but turning quickly he ran away in another direction.

On coming out of the mountains we met with another company of travelers. They had taken the cartway which is not a bit longer than the way we had taken and, having no steep hills, has the advantage of being much less tiresome for the horses.

From these mountains to the river, a distance of about three to four leagues, the land seemed to me the same thin and sandy soil found on the mountain, which produces little pasturage and does not seem at all appropriate to agriculture. But as the plain slopes imperceptibly, the soil seems to improve approaching the river. Reaching the first spot where there was water we found that instead of the river it was only a large pond, that the river flowed a half league to the east, that it was impossible to approach it at this point [and] that we had to go at least three leagues more to reach the crossing where there is a boat.

The San Joaquin overflows every year while the snow is melting in the high mountains. By the month of May it floods the country for a half league or a league on each bank, and when it returns to its bed toward the middle of July it leaves lagoons and swamps on all sides and very dangerous *atascaaderos* or sloughs which in many places absolutely prevent approaching it. Thus we found that we had to go back as far as three or four leagues to the south, but the way was fine and there was pasturage and water for the horses. As we went on through these beautiful meadows, or the part that is flooded by the river, we saw a herd of several hundred deer, which seemed to be grazing peacefully along the flood lands. After some time when we had them between us and the lagoons, two Indians who were accompanying the travelers whom we had met on coming out of the mountains, unable to

resist the temptation to chase them, rushed into the midst of the herd and already had cornered three or four which had become separated from the herd when the horse of the nearer one fell with his rider. Not only did this accident cause the abandonment of the hunt, but, the Indian having dislocated his shoulder, we lost some time and had to leave our new traveling companions. As we continued on our way we saw several other herds of deer, of wild horses and a large number of antelope, but [these last] in herds of four or six at the most, and this pretty agile quadruped, though very numerous in this plain, seems never to gather in large numbers. It is the only animal which the Californians confess that they cannot catch on horseback.

It was after three o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived opposite the river crossing, where a boat is, but to approach it there were more ponds, swamps and sloughs, very difficult and very dangerous to cross, but it had to be done for there was no other way. It even became necessary to hasten as from all appearances it was going to be a slow process, and it would have been dangerous to be caught by night in the midst of these quagmires. The first of these places had about three feet of water, but the bottom was solid and we crossed it without difficulty. The second was a slough more than fifty meters long where one went at random (*au hazard*). Several oxen had perished there and one of our horses came near being stuck in it. But it also we crossed without accident. The third was a little lake. There we were lucky enough to find a *balsa* of tules or an immense bundle of reeds or bullrushes tied together, on which we took over our saddles, our baggage and ourselves. The horses were forced into the water and swam across. After this lagoon we still had [to pass over] several more very difficult sloughs in which animals which had perished there were to be seen all about. We crossed them all safely. In one only, one of the Frenchmen found himself so mired that the Californians were about to throw him a lasso when his horse, which was good, made another effort, found support, and jumping to hard ground, got free of this bad crossing. It was six o'clock in the evening when we came to the river at the spot where as I have said there is a boat.

The San Joaquin River, joining the Sacramento River at its very mouth, falls with it into *Sushem* [Suisun] or San Francisco Bay. It has its source in the Sierra Nevada mountains fifty miles to the south. This river is navigable by rowboats and small sloops in any season as far as four or five leagues from its mouth, and from April to the end of August ships of a hundred tons could go up it for thirty leagues into the interior. But toward the end of September it becomes fordable at several points and as the rains which sink into the sandy soil of this immense plain or condense [into snow] in the high mountains, affect it but little, it is only at the time of melting snows, from March to June, that, as said above, it swells so as to submerge all the lowlands for a league on either side. When it has returned to its bed its aspect is charming, and as it is perfectly safe (*saine*) it can be useful for inland navigation during at least five months of the year.

Formerly the crossing of the San Joaquin was rarely undertaken between the first of May and the end of June, although [it is] comparatively easy, for all the lowlands being then submerged, men could cross on the tule *balsas* which the Indians know how to handle, and horses were swum across, choosing the narrowest places, and it even happened in very urgent cases that lone men might cross this way. But from the first of July to the fifteenth of August the crossing was considered impracticable even for horsemen on account of the swamps and quagmires. This year, however, the thirst for gold has made [men] surmount all obstacles and brave all dangers, and the boats at Carquinez Strait not having been able to carry over quickly enough the many travelers who presented themselves with horses, wagons and merchandise, quite a number turned back and by the first of July went to the San Joaquin where, despite the labor of unloading the wagons at every dangerous place, and of having to take the goods across on their own backs (*à dos d'homme*) or on planks and big pieces of wood, and notwithstanding the great number of horses and cattle which perished in the quagmires and that two men drowned in the pools in the midst of the swamps, people have continued to betake themselves there. We found there seven or eight wagons (*voitures*), a considerable quantity of merchandise, horses, cattle and more than fifty men waiting their turn to cross the river; for under a regulation established by the travelers themselves, each is to cross, together with his effects and his animals, in the order of the time of his arrival.

When we arrived the river had returned to its bed and might have been three to four hundred meters in width, but as its current was quite strong, the boat was each time carried quite a distance [downstream] and could only with difficulty be brought back, which rendered the passage of so many people and effects very slow. In all probability our turn would not come until after three or four hours of waiting, which was all the more disagreeable from the fact that this place is very unhealthy and that one is in a continual torture on account of the mosquitoes which attack you in swarms, and as all who were there assured us, allow you no repose day or night. Determined not to submit myself to this torment or to lose so much time, even if we should have to cross on tule *balsas*, I went to see the men who were putting over their goods, and whom I knew, to ask them if after they had quit working they would let me have the boat, as I intended to cross that night. They consented but on condition that I should engage two men to bring the boat back after we had taken everything across. After obtaining their consent and finding two men who were willing for four dollars to go in the boat on the last trip to bring it back, I went to see my companions, who all but one agreed immediately. This one nevertheless decided [to go] but on condition that, since he could not swim, he should cross first to the other bank to receive the horses, but that he would not help to take them across.

It was half past eight when the boat was turned over to us. At nine o'clock we began to cross, swimming two horses each trip while at the same time taking over part of the baggage, using our shovels as paddles. At one o'clock in the morning the eleven horses, ourselves and all our baggage were on the other side.

Once arrived on the other bank we were sure of not being further retarded in our journey and in any other spot would have been able to rest and wait for daylight. But here there were mosquitoes by the million, we did not know where to take refuge, and even the horses were so tormented that they were kicking and we were running the risk of losing them [so] I proposed that we continue our journey. Here also there were sloughs to cross and it was on this side that two Americans had lost their lives, but the torment to which we were subjected was unendurable, so everyone agreed and in less than a quarter of an hour we were on our way.

We passed through several bad places without much difficulty. The greatest danger was of getting off the road, which was rarely well marked, and of becoming lost in the midst of these swamps. Fortunately some travelers who had preceded us had lighted a large fire on the other side of the lowlands and this served as a beacon and guided us through these dangers. Towards two o'clock we reached the lagoon where an American had perished a few days before. There was hesitation for several minutes, but one of the Californians who had an excellent horse and who had shown much coolness and courage during the whole trip having offered to go first, I followed him and all the others followed me. The night was clear, we went carefully, following as nearly as possible the crossing marked by the broken reeds, [and] in less than ten minutes we were on the other side and out of all danger.

As we approached the fire which had guided us, we found some thirty travelers, several of whom had arisen at the noise we had made in crossing the lagoon. They all expressed their astonishment on seeing us arrive at this hour of the night and by such roads. The place where we then were being quite high and dry, the horses were tethered near the lagoon where there was some grass, and each of us, worn out by fatigue, made himself as comfortable as he could on the sand to wait for daylight and to continue on our way.

At five o'clock our horses were saddled and everything was ready for a new start. The preceding day's journey had been hard and tiring and our way of living, also, was too frugal and did not well fit us to long endure such hardships. I could not but notice the difference in this regard between the living of the Frenchmen and Californians who were with me and that of the Americans and other foreigners whom we met on our way. On leaving the Pueblo de San José each of us brought his *mochila*, a sort of leather caparison which covers the saddle and the horse's flanks, and a blanket, to make his bed and his covering. I was the only one who also had a cloak. Our provisions consisted of dried meats, of bread which had been cut up and

prepared in the shape of biscuits, of *pinol* [*pinole*] or flour made of roasted corn, of cheese, tea and sugar. Strictly speaking, that sufficed to prepare a meal, for we had also brought a kettle and a pot, but having accustomed ourselves to profit by the coolness of the morning, we generally set out before sunrise and so early that it was impossible to prepare anything. The Americans and most of the other foreigners, however, traveling with wagons, had everything [that they needed] with them and had their three meals a day regularly. Those with whom we were this morning were preparing a copious meal, of fresh meat, ham, tea and coffee. My companions had a bit of bread and cheese. Nevertheless they did not complain, but I took pity on them and again I sacrificed part of the single bottle of brandy I had brought and gave each of them a drop before starting.

I had not been able to examine the country over which we had passed during the preceding night. That where we were now was but a tongue of land between two great pools or lagoons, and all the portion which we had crossed, toward the San Joaquin, seemed the same as that on the other side of the river, although less wooded—that is to say, [it consisted of] meadows and swamps which extended as far as the eye could see.

Our way now went through a dry and sandy country which like the land near the mountains west of the river afforded little pasturage. After having gone to the south and southeast for a mile to get around the last lagoon, the road turned again to the east-northeast and when we had made about two leagues in that direction, still over this sandy and ungrateful soil, we finally came into another zone and continued on our way through a well-wooded country, covered with pasturage and as beautiful as one could hope to see.

I judged that we were two leagues and a half or three leagues from the river, [and] that this was the edge of the barren lands. At least the trees here formed a line parallel with the river, which extended out of sight to the north and to the south.

After having gone about a league through this charming country, covered with fine oaks and like a park, we stopped at a place called *El campo de los franceses*,⁵ the French Camp, where there is a pretty stream of water and abundant pasturage. This place was given the name which it bears because in 1830 fifty or sixty Canadians—always considered French in this country—camped there for several days. We stopped there to let the worst heat of the day pass, to rest, and finally to cook some meat, of which we all felt the need.

After a fair meal and a good rest in the shade of the handsome trees which border the stream, we started again at about half past two. It is about five leagues from there to the *arroyo de las calaveras*,⁶ and about seven or eight to the river *de los moquelemes*.⁷ The stream takes its strange name [River of the Skulls] from a war of extermination which the San José Mis-

sion had waged in 1818 against the Moquelome Indians, who had stopped near this stream to defend themselves. The Spaniards, about sixty in number, mounted and well armed, left between two and three hundred Indians dead on the field and carried away many prisoners. Although these poor Indians had only bows and arrows, they defended themselves well. Four Spanish soldiers lost their lives there and several were wounded. The crime of which these poor people were accused was of trying to entice away the Mission Indians, that is to say, they were trying to persuade their seduced or abducted children, brothers and relatives to come home.

Our way took us through a magnificent country, covered with beautiful oaks and grass and absolutely like a park, but lacking water, as is the case with all parts of Upper California in this season. Compared with many other countries, Upper California has but few rivers and steady streams. Almost all of them have their sources in low mountains or cross immense plains and dry up in summer, or their waters sink into the soil and only appear from place to place.

Thus we covered six leagues, from French Camp to the *Arroyo de las Calaveras*, without encountering any water, and even this stream, which is an impassable torrent during the season of rains and of the first melting snows, today showed water only here and there [along its course].

The strangest thing is that in all this region the earth seems nevertheless to hold much moisture; for nothing could be more beautiful than the still half-green grass which covered all this part of the plain, especially near the stream. After watering our horses, we went to the farm of Doctor Isabell,⁸ for the Americans have already settled in this beautiful region, and possess the best lands. This doctor, like all his compatriots, had left for the Placer.

However, I obtained some watermelons and cantaloupes there and some Indians who have a *rancheria* or village nearby sold us a quarter of venison. With these provisions we went to make our camp on the bank of the *Arroyo de las Calaveras*, under a group of oaks, one of which I measured and found to be twenty-one feet in circumference with a perfectly healthy trunk and an even spread of at least forty-five feet.

One remarkable thing that I have observed in all parts of Upper California in which I have traveled is that one never finds any of the large oaks broken down, fallen into decay or partly consumed by age and weather. All are sound and vigorous, all seem of the same stage of growth, and to see this great number of enormous trees, strong and full of life, one would say that they had all sprung up at the same time, and that they were the first of their kind to appear on this earth. These handsome trees, with the willows and the laurels, lent the greatest beauty to the place where we were camped.

July 15th

During the whole night we had seen a fire in the plain to the east of us,

in the direction toward which we were going. There was a line of it three or four leagues long, rapidly approaching. Hardly had we started this morning when we were suffocated by a thick smoke which made it impossible to see anything at the least distance. For more than an hour we suffered from this discomfort, which at times was very great, until we reached the very place where all was aflame. While this fire was very lively, it was only consuming the grass and wild oats which, being very thick and dry, threw up a bright flame and were burning so fast that it would have been impossible to stop or to extinguish the fire. Moreover, several trees were afire and some, partly burned, had fallen across our way. This was but a slight obstacle to our progress, however, and the only one, for since the road was quite wide and free of grass and trees, the fire had stopped at its edges. We noticed even several places where this slight break had cut the line of the fire and had sufficed to save some considerable areas from destruction. In less than half an hour we had passed the fire. That is to say, that as we approached the Moquelames [Mokelumne] River the fire was burned out, but everything was black and dismal. No more pasturage, no more grass, no more verdure—even the leaves of the trees had either been burned or withered by the fire. It was no longer the same country. This desolation extended for about a quarter of a league from the river—as far as the lowlands which are overflowed in the season of high water, for there the grass and all the plants were still green, and the fire could not touch them. The contrast was the greater in that the surroundings of this river are very pretty—groups of superb trees, meadows covered with verdure and flowers—but these lands being low and damp, there is the great inconvenience of the mosquitoes, and it is said that from June to September fevers prevail there, and that generally near the river the country is unhealthful.

Again we found a great number of travelers and effects at the crossing of the river, but all the men being at breakfast, they kindly let us have the boat to put over our little baggage. This boat is nothing but a large hollow log, a sort of dugout [*pirogue*], but round on the bottom, with no outriggers [*balançoire*] and consequently very cranky. But the river, already low, was only 60 feet wide and its greatest depth at this place was but 10 to 12 feet. We forced the horses into the water and they all swam across.

As we wished to reach the Cosmanes [Cosumnes] River (*rio de Gasion*) today at a place where an American has established a mill,⁹ we still had from 10 to 12 leagues to go, so we simply crossed, re-saddled our horses and went on our way. Not far from the river we again came into country which had been completely burned over and was still smoking. At 11 o'clock we stopped at a place called Arroyo Seco,¹⁰ which the fire had not reached and where there was some water.

About an hour after noon the heat became such that one felt uncomfortable even in the shade. Nevertheless the desire to reach the mill today de-

cided us to get under way again by about two o'clock. We did not know the place through which we should pass. This day turned out to be cruellest of all that we had had up to that time.

Before we saddled our horses the idea occurred to me of having a test made, in order to determine whether this stream, which is quite a long one in the rainy season, bore any gold. We had our *bateas*, a sort of large, shallow wooden dish of from 12 to 14 inches in diameter, which serve to wash gold-bearing soil. I had one filled with earth taken from the stream-bed, near the middle, in a place where it was dry. The operation of washing the earth I delegated to Arnaud Maubé, who had engaged for some time in the washing of auriferous soil in Mexico. In less than half an hour, to our great astonishment, he showed us some gold which had remained in the bottom with a little black sand, which here as everywhere else seemed to me to be oxydized iron and grains of ruby. The gold was so fine that we had to use the magnifying glass to see that it was in flakes, of which there were eight or ten. This discovery made me regret not to have applied the same test at each of the streams which we had crossed since the San Joaquin, all of which probably bear gold.

We started on as usual toward half past two. Not far from the stream at which we had stopped we entered a barren plain which extended farther than the eye could see. We were all astonished by the extreme heat which we suddenly felt on crossing the last of the little hills which surround the stream—heat which increased as we went on and soon became absolutely unbearable. There was a breeze, it is true; but this northwest wind, so feared and so cold on the coast, had crossed sixty leagues of plain and of burning lands, and instead of refreshing, it was scorching, suffocating, as though it were coming from an oven. After three hours of this torture we approached a more or less wooded country, which gradually improved as we went on toward the east. At six or half past six o'clock we came to the river, and although the heat had much diminished, we were suffering so from thirst that as soon as we sighted it we all dashed at once for the place where one can climb down the bank to the water.

The mill is a league from the place where we had reached the river, and as we wished to arrive before nightfall, we went on immediately after we had refreshed ourselves and watered our horses. Following along beside the Cosumnes, the contrast with the desert which we had crossed was very great, for the banks of this river are very pretty. Although the country on the side where we were is less wooded than the opposite side (on the north), it had an abundance of grass and several fenced and cultivated fields, and seemed a paradise in comparison with the place which we had just left.

To reach the mill, it was necessary to cross the river, but as it was fordable in several places at this season, we got over without difficulty. I knew the owner of the mill. He received me affably, and offered me the

hospitality of his house and his table, but tired out as I was and somewhat indisposed, I accepted only a cup of tea and then rejoined my companions who had encamped again on the very bank of the river.

[To be continued]

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION AND PROLOGUE

1. *Four Months Among the Gold Finders*, etc., by J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, London, 1849. Cited approvingly by Mr. Cowan, and quoted by Professor Coy and the redoubtable Mr. Bekeart, this literary fraud passed current for over eighty years until Mr. Watson recently called attention to the fact that Henry Vizetelly had confessed that he wrote it and that the trip to the gold mines was taken in his imagination after reading Frémont's narrative. Watson, Douglas S., "Spurious Californiana," *Cal. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XI, p. 65. Cf. Cowan, *Bibliography of the History of California*, etc., San Francisco, 1914, p. 25; Coy, *Gold Days*, Los Angeles, 1929, p. 91 (quoting, though not citing, "Brooks"); Bekeart, Philip B., "Previous Gold Discoveries," *Quarterly of the Soc. of Calif. Pioneers*, Vol. I, pp. 93-94.

The valid sources referred to in the above paragraph are: Colton, Walter, *Three Years in California*, N. Y. and Cincinnati, 1850; Buffum, E. G., *Six Months in the Gold Mines*, Philadelphia, 1850; Bekeart, Philip B., "James Wilson Marshall," *Quarterly of the Soc. of Calif. Pioneers*, Vol. I, pp. 31-42, where the diaries of Smith and Bigler are quoted; Larkin, Thos O., Letter to Buchanan, 30th Cong., 2d Sess., House Ex. Doc. No. 1, Washington, 1848-49; Wierzbicki, *California as It Is and as It May Be*, etc., S. F., 1849, reprinted, S. F., 1933.

2. The last words of the *California Star* were uttered on June 14, 1848, when it appeared "before the remnant of a reading community . . . with the material or immaterial information" that the publishers had "stopped the paper." The "boy editor," Edward Kemble, had also taken over the editing of the *Californian*, and in order to convince "what there is left of 'the public'" that it was not extinct, on June 2, in the triple character of editor, printer and devil, "compiled, set up, worked off, and circulated" an extra. There were further reminders that the *Californian* was still alive on July 15, August 14, and September 2, and its regular publication was resumed September 9. Wagner, H. R., *California Imprints*, Berkeley, 1922, pp. 2-3, 5-7.

3. Mason, Col. R. B., to Adjutant General, Aug. 17, 1848. 31st Cong., 1st Sess., House Ex. Doc. No. 17, pp. 528-36. The historical importance of this document derives not only from its record of events, but from the great influence which its wide publication exerted in starting the rush from "The States" and from Europe. The same may be said, to some extent, of Moerenhout's report. While it has never before been printed in full, excerpts from it are to be found in Ferry, Hypolite, *Description de la Nouvelle Californie* (Paris, 1850), pp. 106-7, 110-11, 115, 317-18, etc.; in Levy, Daniel, *Les Français en Californie* (San Francisco, 1884), p. 15, etc., and probably in many other places.

4. See the biographical sketch in the Introduction to Part II of the French Consular Correspondence. *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XII, No. 2, pp. 155-59. We understand that M. L. Jore, formerly Governor-General of the French possessions in Oceania, is engaged in writing a biography of Moerenhout.

5. See "Prologue to the Gold Rush," and especially Note 8, *infra*.

6. Pico, José de Jesus, *Acontecimientos*, MS in Bancroft Library, pp. 14-16.

7. Moerenhout to Minister, Sept. 25, 1847, and Jan. 1, 1848. See these documents (Nos. X and XI) in *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 352, 354.

8. See Bekeart, Philip B., "Previous Gold Discoveries," *Quarterly of Soc. of Calif. Pioneers*, Vol. I, pp. 90-92; Bancroft. *Hist. of Calif.*, IV, 296-97; Duflot de Mofras, *Exploration*, etc., I, 489. The earliest record of the discovery is in a letter from Manuel Requena to Alexander [?] Forbes, May 6, 1842, reporting that the discovery was made in March of that year. *Documentos para la Historia de California; Archivo de la Familia Requena*, pp. 4-5, MS in Bancroft Library.

9. Bekeart, *op. cit. supra*, at p. 92.

10. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, No. 9, Sept. 25, 1847, and No. 10, Jan. 1, 1848, Docs. X and XI in Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 352 and 354.

11. The United States v. Andres Castillero, 2 Black's Rep. 1 (U. S. Sup. Ct., 1862). The history of the mine is well reviewed and many documents are quoted in the statement of facts and opinions of the judges given in this report, with which is reprinted (pp. 214-371) the remarkably able opinion rendered by Judge Hoffman in the District Court. It is from this report that facts have been drawn to round out the data given by the French consuls.

12. Gasquet to Minister of Foreign Affairs, June 15, 1846, printed as Doc. XXI of the Gasquet Documents, Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 35-36.

13. The correspondence between Alexander Forbes and James Alexander Forbes is printed in the report of U. S. v. Castillero, *supra*, 2 Black's Rep. at pp. 55-81. It was of importance in that litigation as proof that documents purporting to evidence confirmation of Castillero's claim by the central Mexican government were antedated and false. They were procured by Castillero under instructions from the Forbeses, after the latter became fearful that the original proceedings before Alcalde Pico were insufficient to establish the Castillero title.

14. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, April 30, 1847, Doc. IX in Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, p. 349.

15. They must have ironed out this particular difficulty, for Alexander Forbes, writing from Monterey to J. A. Forbes, Oct. 1, 1847, says "I . . . arrived last afternoon in the 'William' [at Monterey], where I have been kindly received by the authorities, and no difficulty of any kind thrown in my way," U. S. v. Castillero, *supra*, 2 Black's Rep. at p. 58.

16. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, Jan. 1, 1848, Doc. XI in Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, p. 354.

17. *Ibid.*

18. Moerenhout to Minister of Marine, March 15, 1848, Doc. XIII, in Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 356-57.

19. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, March 15, 1848, Doc. XII, in Calif. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 355-56.

20. Sherman, William T., *Memoirs*, I, pp. 40-41.

21. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, March 15, 1848, doc. cit., note 19, *supra*.

22. Notice of his dismissal was sent April 29, 1848, and was confirmed by letter of the Minister dated July 26, 1848, informing him that he was of course now free to engage in commerce if he wished.

23. These are:

(a) Santa Clara or New Almaden, belonging to Alexander Forbes, James Alexander Forbes and their associates. Moerenhout reports in March that in two or three tunnels opened there have been found three-foot veins of cinnabar, yielding ordinarily

25%, selected samples 35%, and some as much as 40%, 50% and even 70%. His May report describes in great detail the progress that has been made with the work of exploration. Most of the latter is summarized in the text.

(b) A mine described in the March report as two miles from the New Almaden, in the same mountain, with but slightly less favorable prospects, belonging to [James Alexander] Forbes, Suñol & Co. Vein 2 ft. wide, yield 15-20%. This would seem to be the same mine referred to as the "Santa Guadalupe" in the May report, which says that the working of this mine has already given good results. From 1850 to 1930 it yielded 109,340 flasks. Schuetke, C. N., *Quicksilver*, U. S. Dept. Commerce Bur. Min. Bull. No. 335, pp. 139-42.

(c) Abrigo, Record & Co., or Abrigo, Belden & Cook. Near the preceding, and called Santa Clara, though quite different and as yet very inferior to the original Santa Clara or New Almaden. In March the Consul reported a vein here of 10 in. to 1 ft. with a yield of 15-20% from selected specimens. But by May the Americans working here had lost the vein, and the workings were in part abandoned.

(d) Maximiliano Hernandez & Co., mentioned only in the March report. Little known as yet. Specimens show strips of very rich ore. A Frenchman, [the notorious] M. Cambuston, is interested.

(e) Ignacio Soto and "Don Diego" [J. A.] Forbes. Same type of ore as the preceding. Yield 12%. Size of vein still unknown in March. By May a shaft had been sunk which revealed very poor prospects.

(f) Ignacio Soto—a mine mentioned in the May report only, and apparently distinct from the preceding. This is the one in which Soto offered an interest to Moerenhout. The prospects are good, but the claimants dare not do any work, on account of the Governor's decree, which was rendered before their "denouncement."

(g) Pedro Chabollo—"Mines of Chabollo and of Narvaez"—situated in the hills of San Juan Bautista. Dark red ore. Exterior samples yield 12-20%. Chabollo not having "denounced" this mine until after the Governor's decree of February 12, he has been forbidden to work it. An interest in it was offered to Moerenhout, and on his refusal Chabollo took in Suñol and two Frenchmen, [Henri] Cambuston and [Pierre] Sainsevain. The two have filed a complaint with the Consul against the operation of the Governor's decree in their case, Chabollo's "denouncement" having been made after the date of the decree, but before it was published in San José. Moerenhout is going to put the claim forward, but "without the least hope of obtaining justice" because he had reason to suppose that it was the news of this discovery which provoked the decree. The claim was rejected.

(h) Antonio Maria Pico. Silver and mercury. Vein of 3 varas, 8 to 9 ft. wide. Said to contain much silver. The two Forbeses and Cambuston are interested in it. Not mentioned in May report.

(i) Manuel Diaz & Co. Value unknown. Not mentioned in May report.

(j) Francisco Soverano. Not mentioned in May report.

Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, March 15, 1848, doc. cit., note 19, *supra*;
Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, May 15, 1848, *supra*.

24. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, March 15, 1848, doc. cit., note 19, *supra*. This agent was probably Robert Walkinshaw, who, according to the Forbes correspondence, went over to the enemy and caused considerable concern by a legal proceeding drawing the Castillero title into question. See Forbes correspondence in U. S. v. Castillero, 2 Black's Rep., pp. 63-66, 70, 74, 75, 78.

25. Moerenhout to Minister of Foreign Affairs, March 15, 1848, doc. cit., n. 19, *supra*.

26. Moerenhout to Minister of For. Aff., May 15, 1848, doc. cit., n. 23, *supra*. These data on other quicksilver mines are combined with those given from the March letter in footnote 23, *supra*. Moerenhout refers to three coal mines, from which he sends samples. The best one, "denounced" by Don Joaquin Castro, is on a little hill at the foot of the Cuesta de Santa Cruz or Sierra Azul, three leagues from the Pueblo de San José. The strata are vertical, but extend in horizontally toward the center of the hill. Vein 3 or 4 ft. high by 1 ft. wide, revealed when work was stopped by the alcalde, and it is hoped that the vein will be found to widen. The other two mines mentioned will probably be too costly to work, for one is in a very hard rock, the other in very compact and adhesive clay.

27. California produced from 1850 to 1930, 2,323,218 flasks of quicksilver, of which 1,039,675 came from the New Almaden Mine. During the period 1851-58, the New Almaden alone was yielding about half of the world's production. See statistics and tables in Schuetke, C. N., *Quicksilver*, U. S. Dept. Com. Bur. Min. Bull. No. 335, pp. 139-42. The total value of quicksilver produced in California from 1850 to 1927 was \$109,761.919.00, which it is interesting to compare with the values of gold, \$167,853,-389.00, and of silver, \$54,564,624.00, produced in the same period. Symons, H. H., *Calif. Mineral Production for 1927*, Calif. Dept. Nat. Res., Div. Min. Bull. 101, pp. 56-58. The New Almaden was closed down in 1927, because the ore available was not rich enough to be worked with profit at the prices then prevailing. *26th Report of State Mineralogist*, Calif., State Bur. of Mines, 1930, pp. 29-30. See also Bradley, W. W., *Quicksilver Resources of Calif.*, Calif. State Min. Bur. Bull. No. 78, 1918, pp. 160 *et seq.*

27. Moerenhout to Minister of Marine, Mar. 15, 1848, doc. cit., n. 18, *supra*.

NOTES TO DOCUMENTS

DOCUMENT XIV

1. Box Monterey; Correspondence de M. Moerenhout, No. 12, Duplicata; received Feb. 12, 1850.

DOCUMENT XV

1. Box Monterey, Correspondence de M. Moerenhout, No. 13, received Feb. 12, 1850.

DOCUMENT XVI

1. Box Monterey, Correspondence de M. Moerenhout, No. 15.
2. Letter dated August 14, 1848, not located.
3. See Bancroft IV, 400, 637; V, 615.
4. Livermore's Rancho.
5. French Camp, between Lathrop and Stockton.
6. Calaveras River.
7. Mokelumne River.
8. Farm of James C. Isbell near the present Lodi. See Bancroft, IV, 690; Lyman, Chester S., *Around the Horn to the Sandwich Islands and California, 1845-50* (New Haven, 1924), p. 263.
9. Probably William Daylor's mill on the north side of the Cosumnes River. Daylor, an English sailor, is said to have left his ship in California in 1835, to have entered Sutter's service in 1840-41, and settled on the Cosumnes with Sheldon, his brother-in-law, about 1844. His character was highly praised in a manuscript submitted to Bancroft by John Yates, who knew him in 1842-43. General Kearny camped on his rancho in 1847. He mined with Weber in 1848 and died of cholera in 1850. Bancroft, *History of California*, II, 778; V, 782.
10. Dry Creek.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN FRANCISCO IN THE '50'S

AS IT APPEARED TO JUDGE MURRAY MORRISON

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

JUDGE MURRAY MORRISON, the author of the following letters, was one of California's leading citizens during the first two decades after the gold rush. He was born at Kaskaskia, Illinois, on February 27, 1821, and died at Los Angeles on December 18, 1871. He was practising law at Belleville, Illinois, when the news of the California gold discoveries reached "The States," and in 1849 he crossed the plains, settling at Sacramento, where he soon attained a prominent place at the bar. Shortly after his arrival he married one of the daughters of Dr. T. J. White, speaker of the Assembly at the first Legislature at San José, another of whose daughters had married the redoubtable Colonel E. J. C. Kewen.

In 1855 Judge Morrison removed to San Francisco, whence he wrote these letters to his cousin in Illinois, Olivia Morrison von Schrader, and her husband, Frederick von Schrader. Two years later he moved to Los Angeles, where he resided until his death, representing that county in the State Legislature for several terms, and later occupying for some years the position of Judge of the Seventeenth Judicial District, to which he was appointed by Governor Haight. He was survived by two brothers, Colonel Donald Morrison, of Illinois, and Judge Robert F. Morrison, of San Francisco. His wife, Virginia, the "Ginnie" of the letters, survived him but five days.

These three letters were written from San Francisco, the first during the "panic" of 1855, and the others during the excitement of the second Committee of Vigilance, in 1856. They were given to this Society, for preservation in its archives, by Frederick von Schrader, Esq., and his sister, Henrietta von Schrader Bassett, of Los Angeles, grandchildren of their recipient.

Carl I. Wheat.

San Francisco, April 15, 1855

My dear Frederick

I have seated myself two or three times lately to write to you but in truth I am so entirely without anything which can be of interest to you that I have until this moment hopelessly abandoned the undertaking; and even now, outside of our own little circle and the few circumstances transpiring around us, of which we form a part, I scarcely know what I can allude to which will interest you.

The history of the late financial embarrassments of our country, and the

consequent failures of many of our heaviest and heretofore considered wealthiest Houses, has, no doubt, already reached you, and after having been thoroughly canvassed has at length led to the foregone conclusion that the "*California bubble*" has bursted, and that we are one and all a broken and ruined community. I should have liked to have been in hearing of Don and Uncle Guy, and listened to their grave compliments upon each other's knowledge and foresight; of course, they always knew it was going to be so; they told Murray California couldn't last; it was all a humbug at best; the gold was all gone, the mines couldn't hold out; and as for the commerce & agriculture of the country that was all stuff. As soon as the gold ended the country would end with it; and that time had arrived. I can fancy now that I see them, and can almost hear their sentence passed with the utmost gravity upon poor miserable California. But not quite so fast, I beg them, for the storm has already passed by and now all is quiet as ever; no financial embarrassments can drag their slow length over the energies of this State, prostrating the people and wearing away their hopes by the slow process of gradual decay. With us it comes like the lightning's flash, but passes away as rapidly as the thunderbolt that follows it, and immediately everything is as tranquil as before. We have all the elements of wealth to such an extent within ourselves that, even when we are so foolish as to despoil ourselves by sending away our gold to you on the Atlantic, yet we have only then to turn out & work 3 or 4 weeks in the rich hills of the Sierra Nevada and gold once more is poured into our laps in abundance & never in the whole history of California have the mines yielded as they are now & have been during the last six weeks of rain and favorable weather. But even if we had not one dollar of the precious metals in the soil through the whole range of our State, yet the climate of itself is a sufficient inducement not only to keep a man here but to bring him here from any part of the world. Until within a few weeks past the winter has been one prolonged May day, bright, beautiful, exhilarating and refreshing; our tables have been covered with every species of vegetable in the greatest abundance and of the finest quality throughout the whole season, and now our markets are filled with fish, flesh, fowl & vegetables of such rare and exquisite kind, that an epicure would revel in delight at the very sight of them. . . .

How do Mr. Keyser and Coz Lou with their *big* little household get along? I have heard nothing from them since I got here save a verbal communication through Mrs. Haight (Anna Bissell), who reached here some 15 or 20 days since. My last letters from Robert induce me to believe that he is now on his way to California; therefore I shall not write to him by this mail. I hope that I shall have the great pleasure of hearing from you & Coz Liv often. Ginnie joins me in very best love to you Coz Liv & the little family—

Ever yrs truly

M MORRISON

My D^r Cousin.

San Francisco, May 21, 1856

I rec^d by due course of mail your last welcome letter in response to mine of "a long time ago" and I assure you it afforded me more pleasure than I can readily express to hear from you. Ginnie, too, who I assure you, is as pretty as ever, was delighted to hear from Cousin Olivia & sends you and your sweet family much love. I have been looking for a long letter from Frederick on the arrival of the next steamer, now six or seven days over due, and I hope I shall not be disappointed; we are very anxious about the safety of the mail steamer Golden Age now out several days longer than her usual time & we fear very much that some accident has happened either to her or the vessel on the Atlantic side. God grant that it may not be so, for we are expecting at least twelve or fifteen hundred passengers by her, many of them our friends & old Californians.

I send by this mail to Cousin Frederick & little Minnie an account of the terrible Excitement which has prevailed here for more than a week past. The papers will give you a better idea of it than I possibly could through the medium of an ordinary letter. It has been beyond anything ever before witnessed in this continent or perhaps in the world & whilst I am now writing there are thousands of armed men keeping guard & patrolling the City. Early last week the Editor of the Bulletin, a paper of this City, was shot down in the street by another Editor by the name of Casey without any warning or previous quarrel but simply on account of a newspaper article. He lingered until yesterday, & died in the arms of his wife & surrounded by his friends. The excitement was beyond anything I ever beheld. The deceased Mr. King was very popular; his murderer a man by the name of Casey was a desperado & the leader of a crowd of desperate men. The citizens gathered in their strength soon after the shooting, & organized a Vigilance Committee; about 3000 persons joined it, & on Sunday last they demanded of the civil authorities the person of Mr Casey & also the person of one Charles Cora who stands charged with the murder of our late Marshall Genl Richardson. The sheriff, seeing about 2000 men drawn up in front of the jail with two heavy brass field pieces, well shotted bearing full upon the building, concluded that it would be discreet in him to do as they directed & he gave up the men at once. They will be hung this evening or tomorrow, & everything is excitement until it is over & then it will be quiet & calm again in a few hours. Such is California & California life. We have heard nothing from Don since the day that Mary died the 11th of September last, and I should not be surprised if the next letter he writes us will be about the year 1860, if he & we live so long. He surely has a way of manifesting indifference to us most strongly whether he feels it or not. We write & write to him but he pays no sort of attention to us.

I hope that Frederick received the wine I sent him & that it was in a condition to be used. I can now send him a barrel or two every season if it will

bear transportation, as Dr White has a very fine Vineyard in the wine making region of California & I have lately bought several thousand acres of Land in the finest grape growing County in this State & equal perhaps to any on the Rhine. It will afford me great pleasure to do so, if Frederick only reports to me that it is fit to use after making the trip. Robert & Julia are getting along very well & I expect in a few days to take Julia & Janice [?] to the Sulphur springs of Napa, a beautiful & delightful watering place we have within 24 hours journey of San Francisco.

Do write to us often & make Frederick do so, for your family seem to be the only link which binds us now to our old home.

With much Love, in which my little wife unites, I remain your

Aff. cousin

MURRAY.

San Francisco, June 20, 1856.

My D^r Little Cousin

I had intended to have written to you by the last mail steamer, but at the time of its departure happened to be about with my wife on a trip of pleasure to the Napa Springs, the fashionable watering place of California. We returned a few days since after a delightful sojourn of about three weeks at the Springs and are now preparing for an excursion to Los Angeles, the City of the Angels; a place located in the lower part of our state, about 200 miles [sic] from San Francisco, which is a favorite resort during the summer months for those who have little else to do but to seek enjoyment & pleasure. Thus you perceive that, altho in the distant state of California on the wild Shores of the Pacific, we still turn our attention occasionally to those little circumstances in the history of one's life which bring with them what the world calls enjoyment—

Sister Julia with her husband Bob were both at the Springs with us; indeed our trip was very much on account of her health—which seems to be steadily improving. . . .

I send to your Father by to-days Post a newspaper which gives a full account of the terrible excitement which has prevailed here since the Sailing of the last Steamer. Altho not connected with it in any way yet I am anxious to get out of its reach. We have now ten thousand armed men in our city, constituting what they call a "Vigilance Committee," to drive all the rascals out of the country. They have already hung several men in the streets at mid-day & have driven many more away to distant portions of the Earth. I do not know, nor can anyone predict, when it will end, & the fear is now entertained that much blood will be shed before it is ended. You will see the paper I have sent him which contains a Summary of the fortnight's news. . . .

I beg you to excuse this straggling & desultory letter. Lawyers, you know, are not famous for legible writing but I hope with patience, you will be able to make it out.

Yr very aff. cousin

MURRAY MORRISON

AN 1849 LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

ADVISING HIS FATHER OF HIS ARRIVAL

By Joseph Ledlie Moody

Sacramento City August 7, 1849

My Dear Father

We arrived here all safe on Sunday morning 29 July in exactly three months from Independence—I wrote to James from all the points East of the Rocky Mountains, the last from Fort Laramie; from there to the Great Salt Lake the only accident we had was in breaking our Wagon Tongue whilst decending the Eutaw Mountains, which we patched up sufficient to take us in to the "City of Great Lakes" where we [were] delighted to find quite a large city of "Adobe" Houses, as well as plenty of Butter, Milk & Cheese. After getting a "guide" we left the mud city and on coming in to the old road again (we left the regular Emigrant trail in going to the Salt Lake) we found some 70 wagons a head of us. At the time we left the Regular trail at "Sublette Cut off" there were but three trains a head of us; having passed all we came in sight of, some 800 Wagons or more. We had the trouble of again passing the Wagons a head of us and succeeded in getting in the 10th Wagon in to the Valley of Sacramento. Since then they have been comeing in daily. A great many left their Wagons & packed through, among them is Harry Myers, Jim Mitchell, Jos McKibbin, Thos Perkins, Frank Robinson, Thos Kennedy, Flood son of Toms [?], & Wilkinson son of Scale makers. So far they are all the Pittsburghers that have come in. David McKibbin, I learn, is driving a Cart in San Francisco at \$10. pr day. After crossing the "Sierra Nevada" we met several parties out in search of Gold. Fifty miles from here we came through the "Dry Diggins" and saw the "Modus Operandi"; a boy of 15 whom I saw had dug out with his butcher knife some few days before \$54. of the metal. Most all of the Mines are alike in regard to richness. Some of the Diggers make enough to pay expenses and so on up, depending mostly on the way they work. Luck has a good deal to do in finding the Big Lumps, the largest piece I have seen was worth \$40. Every one has plenty of Money as well as a bag of the Dust.

Sacramento City is quite a flourishing place of some 300 Canvass Houses; building lots are from 600\$ to 20,000. Provisions, & Clothing are plenty & cheap. Flour 9c, Bacon 37c, Sugar 12½, Coffee 15. up. At the Mines, high up on the rivers, Flour is \$1.00 lb., Bacon 1.00, Sugar 75, Coffee 75. All kinds of labour is very high; a Wagoner that came over in our train is now getting 12\$ per day & boarding paid. Mechanics 25\$ per day. Hauling to the

mines, a distance of 25 miles, is 16 cents per pound. Merchandise has been sold at San Francisco at New York cost prices; the town is full of every thing and some 200 vessells yet to arrive. There is generally some dozen of vessells lying here — at San Francisco the Bay is crowded. To day the entire cargo of a vessell was sold at auction. We sold the Wagon we brought over for 300\$, Mules are worth 100 to 200. Our outfit could have been sold here for 2200\$ but [we] did not want to. Mr Washington with the approbation of *all* of the parties left us and joined another mess. Since then the principal man in the mess he joined left them. He appears to have the same opinion of Mr W. that we had. Washington is now here connected in some way with a Carpenter who was told that he could not travel in our train on account of his ungentlemanly conduct. Since our arrival here we have divided; Johnston intends going to Francisco, Scully & McBride together, & Kincaid & I. No more than two can work in the mines with profit, and from the way Persons acted on the journey we concluded that it was best to separte. I do not know of one mess that came across here the Same as they left the States. Kincaid & I will go up to the mines in a few days. The weather is most to Warm to work now. We are camped in the Woods at the edge of the city. The Pittsburgh Boys are within hailing distance. I suppose you think that when an "ounce" can be made per day, we ought to be at work, but when we are in Turkey we must do as the Turkey's do. I have sent to San Francisco where I expect to find some letters—write to me at San Francisco—I must write to James and the mail closes this evening. My love to Mother & All

Your Son,

Jo^a L. MOODY

EXPLANATORY NOTE

This letter is in the possession of the writer's daughter, Mrs. Douglas S. Watson. Joseph L. Moody, 1827-1900, after an essay at mining, entered the employ of James Phelan, father of the late Senator James D. Phelan. From 1850 on, for many years, he was connected with the Custom House, which he left to engage in the development of the coal mines at Bellingham Bay. The reclamation of the lands adjoining Mission Bay, where he had large holdings, occupied his attention after his retirement from coal mining and the wool business which he had undertaken. In addition to his daughter, a son, Frederick S. Moody, survives him.

WESTERN HISTORY

*A Check List of Recent Items Relating to California and the West**

AMSDEN, CHARLES AVERY

Navaho weaving, its technic and history. With a foreword by F. W. Hodge. Santa Ana: The Fine Arts Press, 1934. xviii+261 pp., ills.

[CASTAÑEDA, PEDRO DE; CORONADO, FRANCISCO VAZQUEZ DE; *et al.*]

The Journey of Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, 1540-1542. Translated and edited by George Parker Winship, with additional notes and an introduction by Frederick Webb Hodge. San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1933. xxvii+134+12 pp.

CROTHERS, GEORGE E.

Outline of the history of the founding of the Leland Stanford Junior University. Stanford: reprinted from the 40th Anniversary number of *The Stanford Illustrated Review* (Stanford Alumni Association), Vol. 33, No. 1, Oct., 1931. 15 pp. of reprint; port. and facs.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE

A Gil Blas in California. Translated by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur. Los Angeles: The Primavera Press, 1933. xxx+170 pp., ills. [Introduction by Phil Townsend Hanna. Dumas' sources for this story are not known.]

EYRE, FLORENCE ATHERTON

Reminiscences of peninsula gardens from 1860 to 1890. [December, 1933, program of San Francisco Garden Club. 8 pp.]

GILBERT, E. W.

The Exploration of Western America, 1800-1850. An historical geography. Cambridge: University Press, 1933. xiii+233 pp., ills., maps.

HARDING, GEORGE L.

A brief history of the California Spanish Press. San Francisco: "printed for the friends of the Grabhorn Press," 1934. 3 pp., folio. ["A check list and census of all known pieces of printing other than letterheads and official seals, produced in California before it became United States territory."]

A self-portrait of Captain Agustin V. Zamorano, 1798-1842. San Francisco: 75 copies privately printed by G. L. Harding, L. R. Kennedy and J. L. Johnck for the Roxburghe Club, 1934. 1 page folder and portrait.

JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW

The robber barons: the great American capitalists, 1861-1901. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1934. xii+474 pp. [Includes chapters on "The Winning of the West," and "Caesar Borgia in California."]

KEMBLE, JOHN HASKELL

Pacific Mail service between Panama and San Francisco, 1849-1851. *Pacific Historical Review*, Vol. 2, No. 4, December, 1933, pp. 405-417.

MCDONALD, WILLIAM E.

The Pious Fund of the Californias. Reprinted from *The Catholic Historical Review*, Vol. 19, No. 4, January, 1934, pp. 427-436.

*Readers will confer a favor by furnishing out-of-the-way items for notice in this department. We shall cite books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines and important newspaper articles of historical value. Send to the Secretary the items themselves or a card with the title written in the form used here.—CHARLES L. CAMP.

MAGEE, BELL MHOON

Reminiscences of East Bay gardens from 1860 to 1890. [December, 1933, program of San Francisco Garden Club. 6 pp.]

[PARKER, PAUL, compiler]

Historical episodes. *Salinas Daily Post*, beginning Dec. 19, 1933. [A column on early days in Monterey County, compiled from Monterey County archives, files of old Monterey newspapers and other local sources.]

POWERS, LAURA BRIDE

Old Monterey. California's adobe capital. San Francisco: San Carlos Press, 1934. xxii+299 pp., ill. [Foreword by H. E. Bolton.]

RITTER, MARY BENNETT

More than gold in California, 1849-1933. Berkeley: privately published by the author, 1933. 451 pp. [Reminiscences and family pioneer history.]

VIZCAINO, SEBASTIAN; ASCENCION, ANTONIO DE LA

The voyage of Sebastian Vizcaino to the coast of California, together with a map and Sebastian Vizcaino's letter written at Monterey, December 28, 1602. San Francisco: The Book Club of California, 1933. iv+51 pp. [Text from the English translation of Venegas and from George Butler Griffin's translation of Vizcaino's Monterey letter. Foreword by Oscar Lewis.]

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

January, 1933, contains: "The autobiography of George Wiley Paul Hunt," edited by Sidney Kartus; "Phoenix—a history of its pioneer days and people," by James M. Barney; "Arizona place names," by Will C. Barnes; "A description of Sonora in 1772," by Alfred Barnaby Thomas; "Kino of Pimeria Alta," by Rufus Kay Wyllys; "Pioneers, 1854 to 1864," by Frank C. Lockwood; "Some unpublished history of the Southwest," by Col. C. C. Smith.

OREGON HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

December, 1933, contains: "Oregon's century of education," by Robt. H. Down; "William Johnson," by Henry E. Reed; "Brig Owhyhee in the Columbia, 1827," by F. W. Howay; "Scientists in early Oregon," by B. A. Thaxter; "Journal of Rogue River War, 1855," by Harvey Robbins; "Voyages of the Pallas and Chenamus, 1843-45," by Avery Sylvester.

TOURING TOPICS (now *Westways*)

December, 1933, contains: "The last hundred miles," excerpts from a recently discovered and unpublished journal of Jedediah S. Smith, by M. S. Sullivan; "Towne Pass," by W. A. Chalfant; "On Peter Lebec," by A. F. Burns.

January, 1934, contains: "Arid outposts of Carrizo," by Philip Johnston; "Mad Emperor Norton," by Raine Bennett; "Jack London on the waterfront," by John C. Higgins.

February, 1934, contains: "Mary Austin: a Californian of some importance"; "Hoodlums and horse collars," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; "Galleon of the sands," by Philip Johnston.

WASHINGTON HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

January, 1934, contains: "Russian shipbuilding in the American colonies," by C. L. Andrews; "Life at a fur trading post in British Columbia a century ago," by W. N. Sage; "The library of Archibald McKinlay, Oregon fur trader," by J. Orin Oliphant; "Lawyer of the Nez Perces," by J. F. Santee; "Quillayute Indian tradition," by Harry Hobucket; "Journal of occurrences at Nisqually in 1870," transcribed by W. P. Bonney.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The Society held a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, December 19, 1933, at the Clift Hotel. Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee was the speaker and his subject, "Gregory's Express." Mr. Wiltsee covered the meteoric career of this express from its beginning to its close. The proprietor evidently was a man of enormous energy and had considerable sagacity in his advertising and publicity. Apparently his discretion and his ability to create an organization did not match his other qualities. The rapid expansion of his business demanded a staff of competent executives, but he apparently sought to direct all of its many and distant ramifications himself. This involved cutting some corners, which brought on a rapid downfall after some drafts had gone to protest. Mr. Wiltsee quoted a number of early day newspaper advertisements which indicated the rapidity with which the service grew. There were thirty-seven members and guests present.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

The Society at its annual meeting held at the Saint Francis Hotel on Friday, January 26, 1934, enjoyed a brilliant address by its President, Robert E. Cowan. Mr. Cowan brought again to life some of the curious street characters of San Francisco in the 'sixties and 'seventies, giving illuminating accounts and anecdotes of Oofy-Goofy, Big Bertha, The Great Unknown, Norton—Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, and the ubiquitous dogs Lazarus and Bummer. Comic or semi-tragic, these "public figures" owed their liberty to the broad-minded tolerance of the day. Often pestered by the pranks of graceless wags or exploited by showmen, these characters somehow found themselves sheltered and adopted by a city many of whose saner citizens had themselves been outcasts in the rough days of the gold rush. Mr. Cowan won the thanks of all members present for his eloquent address. There were seventy-two members and guests present.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

The Society met at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, February 27, 1934. Dr. Leo L. Stanley, the physician at San Quentin, spoke on "The History of San Quentin Prison." Dr. Stanley reviewed the founding of the prison and the methods of the early days when the prisoners were farmed out on a contract for their care. He quoted from some of the early reports of the institution and some of the reports of legislative committees who investigated it. He then detailed its later growth and development under the present system of administration. In addition to its institutional side he gave much information as to the medical care of the prisoners both from the local resident physicians and those who were assigned to report in various investigations. There were forty-four members and guests present.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual business meeting of the Society was held during the luncheon on Friday, January 26. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved, and the following Directors were elected for the year 1934: Mr. Anson S. Blake, Mr. Allen L. Chickering, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman, Mr. Alfred I. Esberg, A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D., George D. Lyman, M.D., Mr. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Helen Throop Pratt, Hon. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. D. Q. Troy, Mr. Douglas S. Watson, Mr. Carl I. Wheat, and Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee. In the absence of Mr. Blake, Mr. Allen L. Chickering read the Report of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year ending December 31, 1933, as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND TREASURER

For the Year Ending December 31, 1933

MEMBERSHIP

The year has resulted in a net loss of membership of 24. We had at the beginning of the year 1933, 431 members. We elected to membership during the year, 43. There resigned during the year 48 (including one patron member); died during the year, 8, and dropped for non-payment of dues, 11, leaving 407 members as of December 31, 1933. In addition to the patron member who resigned, four patron members were transferred to active membership; and one active member, Mr. Henry R. Wagner, was transferred to patron membership.

MEETINGS

Six Directors' meetings were held during the year, and the Society held eleven luncheon meetings, the first of which included the annual business meeting. The luncheon meetings were as follows:

- Jan. 27—"The Old *Enterprise* Gang—The Story of the Connection of Mark Twain, Joe Goodman and Others with the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*." Mr. Douglas S. Watson.
- Feb. 28—"Relations of California Indians to Other Western Tribes." Robert H. Lowie, Professor of Anthropology at the University of California.
- Mar. 21—"The Old Cocktail Route." Mr. D. Q. Troy.
- April 25—"Poets and Poetry of San Francisco." Mr. Edward F. O'Day.
- May 31—"California Life in the Mines, 1851-52." Mr. Anson S. Blake.
- June 25—"At the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. van Coenen Torchiana in Santa Cruz. Dr. Torchiana spoke on the history of Santa Cruz.
- Aug. 22—"The Sailing Ships' Part in the Development of California." Captain I. N. Hibberd.
- Sept. 19—"Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit." Miss Floride Green.
- Oct. 17—"Phoenixiana—The Story of Lieut. George H. Derby." Mr. Francis P. Farquhar.
- Nov. 22—"The Approach of the Frontiers."—Frederic L. Paxson, Margaret Byrne, Professor of American History at the University of California.
- Dec. 19—"Gregory's Express." Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee.

GIFTS AND LOANS

We are indebted for gifts and loans of books, pamphlets, pictures, maps, manuscripts, and other historical items, received during the year 1933, to the following:

Automobile Club of Southern California, Mr. Albert M. Bender, Mrs. Mae Helene Bacon Boggs, L. Vernon Briggs, M. D., Mrs. Avis Yates Brownlee, Mrs. Edna B. Buckbee, Mr. John J. Burke, California State Prison at San Quentin, John W. Caughey, Ph. D., Miss Fanny J. Chipman and Mr. W. F. Chipman, Mrs. L. Curran Clark, Commonwealth Club of California, Miss Eleanor M. Davenport, Mr. Fred M. DeWitt, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Miss Jessie Edwards, Mr. Francis P. Farquhar, Mr. W. W. Ferrier, Rev. P. J. Foote, Mr. Edwin H. Fricke, Miss Rosalie Harby, Mrs. Florence Deming Harley, Mrs. Alice F. Holden, Mr. Walter L. Huber, Ina Coolbrith Circle, Hon. Florence P. Kahn, Mrs. Gertrude Boyle Kanno, Miss Florence R. Keene, Mr. Lawton Kennedy, Mr. William C. Latham, A. T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., Mrs. Henry Clarence Loveridge, Mr. Thomas F. Madigan, Mr. James Madison, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Miss Juanita Miller, Miss Frances Molera, Mr. George Morgan, Jr., Newport Historical Society, Miss Elizabeth T. Peck, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Princeton University Press, Rotary Club de Mallorca, S. F. Hospital School of Nursing, Mrs. Melville Schweitzer, Mr. Jed Scott, Mr. Archie W. Shiels, Society of California Pioneers, Mrs. H. J. Taylor, Mr. F. A. Thomas, Miss R. A. Thompson, Dr. H. A. van C. Torchiana, Mrs. Henry W. Toulmin, Mrs. E. G. Trowbridge, Mr. D. Q. Troy, U. S. Congress, University of California Press, Mr. H. R. Wagner, Mr. Robert Walsh, Washington Bicentennial Commission, Mr. Carl I. Wheat, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. Jesse M. Whited, Mrs. Francis Williams, Mr. Stephen Williams, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee, Mrs. Arthur B. Wood, Miss Lottie G. Woods, Mrs. C. L. Wrightson.

In addition to the foregoing loans and gifts, Mr. C. O. G. Miller contributed \$250.00 and Mrs. E. S. Heller \$40.00 for the purpose of carrying on the activities of the Society during the year, and Mr. Charles P. Cutten paid for the printing of the Vischer pamphlets.

FINANCIAL

The receipts and disbursements of the Society for the year were as follows:

Cash on Hand January 1, 1933 \$ 300.94

RECEIPTS DURING 1933:

Dues of Patron Members	\$1300.00
Dues of Active Members	3477.50
Back Dues of Active Members	80.00
Advance Dues of Active Members	145.40
Sale of Quarterlies	14.00
Refund of Postage on March Quarterly	22.05
Sale of Pamphlets, California Star, Bill of Rights	83.95
Postage on Above	1.82
Sales Tax Collected	3.74
Miscellaneous	2.35

\$5130.81

Sale of Special Publications:

Clyman, De Massey and Hollingsworth	\$ 52.15
Derby Reports and Census of Cal. Spanish Imprints	12.82
Spanish Voyages	68.76
Pioneer Miner and Trask Map	37.18
Postage and Express on Above	.41

Colored Prints of San Francisco	373.00	
Russians in California	108.95	
		\$ 653.27
From Templeton Crocker Toward Rental	\$ 900.00	
From C. P. Cutten for Vischer Pamphlet	34.00	
Gifts from Other Sources	290.00	
		\$1224.00
From Publication Fund for Printing Books, etc.		716.88
		\$8025.90
DISBURSEMENTS DURING 1933:		
Paid on 1932 Bills*	\$ 621.26	
Rental (11 Months)	1975.00	
Salary of Corres. Sec'y and Substitute (11 Months)	1669.00	
Telephone (11 Months)	63.95	
Office Supplies	54.13	
Luncheon Meetings (9 Months)	160.37	
Library Committee	5.00	
Exhibit Sub-Committee in Charge of Rooms	21.00	
Quarterly—December 1932 Number and Postage	522.56	
Colored Illustrations for December 1932 Quarterly	40.40	
Index for 1932 Quarterly	83.00	
Quarterly—March, June and \$75 on September Bill	1061.47	
P. O. Fee for Entering Quarterly as Second Class	100.00	
Miscellaneous Printing	18.50	
Bookcase	15.00	
Sales Tax and Permit	1.20	
Bank Tax and Collection Charges	3.97	
Postage and Miscellaneous	148.02	
		\$6563.83
Davidson Pamphlets	25.00	
Vischer Pamphlets	34.00	
Colored Prints (Postage)	5.00	
Census of California Spanish Imprints	16.00	
Derby Reports	147.90	
Russians in California	403.59	
De Long Journal	237.00	
Lists of Publications	18.45	
		\$ 886.94
Repaid H. R. Wagner for Sale of Spanish Voyages	\$ 67.02	
Postage and Express on Above	1.74	
Repaid E. A. Wiltsee for sales of Pioneer Miner & Trask Map	36.52	
Postage and Express on Above	1.07	
Publication Fund Savings Account	385.45	
		\$ 491.80
On Hand December 31, 1933		83.33
		\$8025.90

*Including Dec. rental, \$225.00; Dec. salary, \$150.00; office supplies, \$14.66; luncheon notices, \$15.50; Mr. Wiltsee for Pioneer Miner and Trask Map sold, \$28.28; Publication Fund for De Massey and Hollingsworth, sold during 1931 and 1932, \$25.35; Publication Fund for colored prints sold, \$82.47; San Juan Bautista plaque, \$80.00.

It is to be noted that during the year 1933 the Society paid bills incurred in 1932 to

the amount of \$621.26 (exclusive of the bill for the December *Quarterly* which it is our custom to pay in January). At the end of the year 1933 the Society was indebted for current accounts in the amount of \$714.31. Toward the payment of this Mr. Templeton Crocker has since contributed \$250.00 and the rest has been paid from the 1934 receipts.

Our publication fund contains at the present time \$673.50, including \$29.54 interest credited during the year. Respectfully submitted,

ANSON S. BLAKE, *Secretary*.

In Memoriam

MRS. KATHARINE C. JAMIESON

On the 21st of November, 1933, in Oakland, Mrs. Katharine C. Jamieson, a member of this society, passed on to the higher life at the age of 76. Mrs. Jamieson, the daughter of the late Joseph Warren Hillsee, was born in San Francisco on December 11, 1857. Her father, a master mason, was foreman of the brick work during the erection of the State Capitol building at Sacramento, and to his credit is due the construction of its beautiful arches. She was married by the Reverend Dwinelle at Sacramento, on February 6, 1882, to the late Dr. Ebenezer Jamieson. The young couple then moved to Grass Valley, where the Doctor practiced medicine for some thirty years, and after his retirement they made their home in Oakland. Mrs. Jamieson is survived by a sister in Sacramento, the wife of the late A. G. Winn—son of General Winn the founder of the order of the Native Sons—and several nieces and nephews. In the early years of her married life Mrs. Jamieson became deeply interested in the history and literature of California, her native state. Her knowledge of historical events in California and her wide acquaintance with its bibliography were equalled by few. Her passing is deeply regretted by the many who knew her and who appreciated her quiet, lovable character and splendid mind.

H. C. HOLMES.

WILLIAM D. TILLINGHAST

William De Silver Tillinghast, long a member of the California Historical Society, passed away at his Piedmont home, March 11, 1934, after an illness lasting several months. He was born in San Francisco, February 7, 1861, the son of William H. Tillinghast who left Philadelphia at the age of twenty for Valparaiso, Chile, where he engaged in business until the discovery of gold brought him to California in 1848, where he took an active and prominent part in financial circles. The Society possesses his certificate of membership as a participant in the Vigilance Committee of 1856, the gift of his son William. The younger Tillinghast was educated in San Francisco and later became affiliated with the Globe Insurance Company which he served for over forty years. His interest in things musical and historical was widely recognized both in San Francisco and the East Bay section. His widow, Mrs. Louise Christine Childs Tillinghast survives him.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

With the publication of the September issue of the Society's *Quarterly* the chairmanship of the committee was relinquished by Mr. Carl I. Wheat, due to his moving from the Bay Region to Los Angeles to fill the most important position on the staff of the city attorney of that community, viz.: Public Utilities Counsel. Mr. Wheat's retirement as editor of the *Quarterly* which he so ably managed leaves his successor the difficult task of maintaining the high standard set by him. It can only be hoped that the forthcoming numbers will please the members as much as those issued under Mr. Wheat's talented guidance. If this is achieved the present chairman will feel that success has attended his efforts.

The introduction of additional illustrative material is a question upon which the committee seeks the views of the Society's members. More illustrations mean a cutting down of text. We cannot increase the cost of getting out the *Quarterly*. We have felt that the recent issues of the *Quarterly* have surpassed in interest those of former years and that this has largely been due to the excellence of the illustrations. The committee will welcome either praise or criticism, for both aid in shaping the course to be followed in the future.

Cold scholarly articles leave the layman, and most of the readers of the Society's publications are such, with a feeling that reading them is more of a duty than a pleasure. The committee has discussed this phase from all angles, coming to the conclusion that articles can be made more readable without lessening their scholarly value, and in the future will endeavor to present material fulfilling these requirements.

The present issue of the *Quarterly* appears in a new dress. This change has been made because of the increased readability of the Elzevir type over that formerly used, and the width of the text page has been narrowed for the same reason. It is hoped that the members of the Society will approve of the committee's action.

The notes have been placed at the end of each article, instead of at the foot of each page, and have been set in larger type. Again, the name of the author heads his contribution where formerly it appeared at its close.

Beginning with the June Number a new departure will be inaugurated. The first of a series of concise but authentic city histories—that of Monterey, California's old capital, by Laura Bride Powers, will be presented to the *Quarterly's* readers. This will be followed by histories of Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento, Stockton, Oakland, San Francisco and other California communities. Taken together they will comprise a history of the State from its beginnings from the vantage point of town life.

Short biographies of early personages whom historians have neglected is another department which should be fostered. The excellent *Memoirs of Theodor Cordua*, translated and edited by Professor Erwin G. Gudde, in the December *Quarterly* might well be followed as a pattern. This the committee will endeavor to do, hoping to obtain the assistance of all members and readers who possess facts and records upon which articles of this type may be based.

The question is often asked by members of the Publication Committee of each other: "What do the members of the Society wish to read about in the *Quarterly*?" Gauging opinion is always difficult. It would be far more satisfactory if accurate information were available. Can we not ask that you advise us of your own preferences? Letters with suggestions will be most welcome.

The chairman wishes to express his thanks in acknowledgement of the assistance given him by his fellow members of the committee, especially Mr. George Ezra Dane for his editing and preparation of the papers of the French Consulate in California:

and also Mr. Lawton Kennedy for the excellent work he has done in the printing of the illustrations and the *Quarterly* itself. It is hoped that members generally will lend their interest toward making the *Quarterly* the type of historical magazine that fully answers their expectations.

The following special publications have been issued by the Society during the past year: *The Topographical Reports of Lieut. George H. Derby*, edited by Francis P. Farquhar; *A Trip to the Mining Regions in the Spring of 1859*, by Eduard Vischer, translated by Ruth Frey Axe; *George Davidson, Geographer of the Northwest Coast of America*, by Henry R. Wagner; *A Census of California Spanish Imprints*, by George L. Harding; and *The Russians in California*, by C. J. DuFour, E. O. Essig, and Adele Ogden. These are all reprints of articles which have previously appeared in the *Quarterly*. Attention is also called to the reduction of prices authorized by the Board of Directors covering the Society's publications.

DOUGLAS S. WATSON, *Chairman.*

GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

December 1, 1933, to February 28, 1934

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Alberts, S. S., *Bibliography of the works of Robinson Jeffers*, N. Y., Random House, 1933; Atherton, Gertrude F., *Sleeping fires*, N. Y., c. 1922; Bradford, John, *Historical, etc., notes on Kentucky*, S. F., Grabhorn Press, 1932; Castañeda, Pedro de, *Journey of Francisco Vazquez de Coronado*, S. F., Grabhorn Press, 1933; Crothers, G. E., *Outline of the founding of Leland Stanford Jr. University* (reprint, 1931); Dobbins, Mrs. Natalia, *Feng Ching*, Los Angeles: Sutton House, 1933; Hittell, J. S., *Resources of California*, S. F., 1868; Jaeger, E. C., *California deserts*, Stanford, 1933; [Ogden, Peter Skene], *Traits of American Indian life*, S. F., Grabhorn Press, 1933; Rensch, H. E. and E. G., *Historic spots in California—The southern counties*, Stanford, 1932; Rensch, H. E. and E. G., and Hoover, Mildred B., *Historic spots in California—Valley and Sierra counties*, Stanford, 1933; Smith, P. J., *Bibliographia Burtoniana*, Stanford, 1931; Todd, Frank M., *Story of the Exposition*, N. Y., Putnam, 1921 (5 vols.); Vizcaino, Sebastian, and Ascension, Antonio de la, *The Voyage of Sebastian Vizcaino . . .*, S. F. Book Club of California, 1933.

From MRS. ANGUS GORDON BOGGS—San Francisco Telephone Directories, October, 1905 and June, 1906. (*See also* Miscellaneous.)

From DR. JOHN W. CAUGHEY—Caughey, J. W., *History of the Pacific Coast*, Los Angeles, 1933.

From MR. ERNEST DAWSON—Manly, Wm. L., *Death Valley in '49*, N. Y. and Santa Barbara: William Heberd, c. 1929.

From MISS FLORENCE R. KEENE—Bedell, Clyde O., *Fulfillment*, Monterey, n. d.; Berkeley Short Story Club, *Verse of the year*, 1932; Brazier, Eve, *Friendly lights*, Los Angeles, 1924; Brown, Patricia, *Campanile chimes*, Berkeley, c. 1926; Buckley, Nancy, *Laughter and longing*, S. F., 1921; Calland, Annice, *Grape with thorn*, Carmel-by-the-Sea, 1933; California Writers Club, *Poems*, 1931; Dibblee, Harrison, *The hours that count and Thoughts in rhyme*, San Francisco, c. 1930; Eakman, Florence, *Silver*

pinions, Sierra Madre, c. 1932; Greene, Clay M., *Verses of love*, S. F., 1921; Gresham, J. Wilmer, *Upon the harp*, S. F., 1932; Kruger, Dorothy, *Bright harvest*, San Diego: Troubadour Press, c. 1930; Lister, Henry B., *Clytemnestra*, San Francisco: La Boheme Club, c. 1923; Los Angeles High School, *Anthology of student verse for 1929*, Los Angeles [1930]; Idem, *Dedication of Memorial library*, L. A., 1930; McGaw, Blanche Baldwin, *Joys of life are little things*, San Francisco, 1931; McGaffey, Ernest, *Sonnets to a wife*, n. p., n. d., c. 1922; Merrill, Arthur T., *Clover breath*, No. Montpelier, Vt., 1932; Idem, *The desperate years*, Medford, Mass., 1932; Idem, *Songs of a scythe*, Atlanta, Ga., c. 1930; Mezquida, Anna Blake, *A-Gypsyng*, S. F., 1922; Millard, Bailey, *Sunland song*, S. F., c. 1933; Mumford, Ethel W., Herford O., and Mizner, A., *The revived cynic's calendar*, S. F., Paul Elder and Co., c. 1917; Nash, Charles S., *Our widening thought of God*, S. F., c. 1914; Northe, James N., *A sonnet sequence*, n. p., n. d.; Patigan, Haig, *Semi-centennial high jinks*, [S. F., Bohemian Club, 1922]; Ramp, James, *The feet of beauty*, n. p., n. d.; Women's University Club, *Anthology*, Los Angeles, c. 1929; Woods, Charles Coke, *The dust of kings*, Pasadena, 1925; Writers' Guild of Sonoma County, *Year book of verse*, 1932; *Westward*, Vol. I, 1927-1930, and Vol. II, 1930-33 (bound); and other periodicals and pamphlets.

From MR. W. E. McDONALD—McDonald, W. E., *The Pious Fund of the Californias* (reprint from *Catholic Historical Review*, January, 1934).

From SAN FRANCISCO GARDEN CLUB—Eyre, Florence Atherton, *Reminiscences of Peninsula gardens from 1860 to 1890*, and Magee, Bell Mhoon, *Reminiscences of East Bay Gardens from 1860 to 1890* (December program, 1933).

From MR. FRANK SCHWABACHER—Tresidder, Mary Curry, *The trees of Yosemite* (with block prints by Della Taylor Hoss), Stanford University, 1932.

From UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS—Grinnell, J., and Storer, T. I., *Animal life in the Yosemite*, 1924; Jepson, W. L., *The silva of California*, 1910; McCormac, E. I., *James K. Polk*, 1922; Wheeler, Benjamin I., *The abundant life*, ed. by M. E. Deutsch, 1926; *Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology*: Vol. 2, No. 1; Vol. 6, Nos. 2 and 3; Vol. 7, No. 2; Vol. 10, No. 6; Vol. 11, No. 5; Vol. 12, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 8, 10, 11; Vol. 13, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 8; Vol. 14, Nos. 2, 5; Vol. 16, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 13; Vol. 17, Nos. 2, 4, 6; Vol. 18, Nos. 2, 3; Vol. 19, No. 2; Vol. 20; Vol. 23, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Vol. 24, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9; Vol. 25, No. 4; Vol. 26; Vol. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 4; Vol. 29, No. 4; Vol. 30; Vol. 31, No. 1; Vol. 32, Nos. 1, 2; Author and title index to Vols. 1-26, 1903-1929; *Publications in Geography*: Vol. 1, No. 7; Vol. 2, No. 9; Vol. 3, Nos. 2, 4, 5; Vol. 6, Nos. 2, 3; *Publications in Geology*: Vol. 8, No. 22; Vol. 17, No. 7; Vol. 18, No. 5; *Publications in Zoology*: Vol. 10, Nos. 5, 6; Vol. 12, Nos. 13 and 14; Vol. 14, No. 2; Vol. 17, No. 10; Vol. 27; *Spain and Spanish America in the Libraries of the University of California*: Vol. I, 1928; Vol. II, 1930.

From MR. ROBERT WALSH—Griffin's *San Francisco directory*, c. 1906; Chadwick's *San Francisco pocket guide*, n. d.; U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Div. of Forestry, *Report on the big trees of California*, Washington, 1900; Olmstead, F. L., *Report of State Park survey of California*, Sacramento, 1929; Wilson, Carol Green (ed.), *Calvary through the years*, 1929.

PICTURES, MAPS, ETC.

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Four photographs of S. F. Stock Exchange and Stackpole pylons; illustrations by E. H. Suydam, from Dobie's *San Francisco*, a pageant.

From MRS. GEORGE L. CADWALADER—Framed view of San Francisco, California, 1875 (engraving).

From MR. M. HALL McALLISTER—Photographs of members of McAllister family (with genealogy).

From MRS. HORACE D. PILLSBURY—Certificate of Charles S. Whitney's election as First Assistant Foreman of the California Engine Co. No. 4, 1856; and Testimonial to Franklin E. R. Whitney, Foreman of Howard Engine Co. No. 3, 1855 (both framed).

From MR. WINFIELD M. THOMPSON—Photograph of old Las Cruces-Panama trail, 1914.

From MR. ROBERT WALSH—Small framed view of interior of a California Mission.

From MRS. FRANCIS WILLIAMS—Map of America, London: published by J. Cary, 1813 (framed).

MISCELLANEOUS

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Folders printed by John Henry Nash: *William Caxton, an English Printer* and *The William Morris Centenary Exhibition*; also invitation to Quatr'z Arts Ball, certificate of membership in S. F. Opera Association, etc.

From MRS. MAE HELENE BACON BOGGS—*Alcazar Messenger*, Vol. I, Dec. 2, 1907 to Dec. 14, 1908 (52 issues); Vol. II (38 issues) to Sept. 20, 1909; also many programs of Alcazar, New Alcazar, Columbia, Cort, Colonial, Orpheum, Valencia, Van Ness, Savoy, and other theaters, clubs, etc.

From MR. FRED J. BOWLEN—Scrapbook of clippings concerning Long Beach earthquake.

From MR. LAWTON KENNEDY—Folder, *The California Mining Towns*, Number One, Sonora (containing colored lithograph of Sonora, 1852), The Book Club of California, 1933.

From A. T. LEONARD, JR., M.D.—Checks and certificates: Adams & Co's Express; Banking House, Don Pedro's Bar; Nevada County Traction Co.

From MR. WILLIAM C. LATHAM—*Dramatic Review*, Vol. VIII, No. 114, San Francisco, November 25, 1868.

From MR. FREDERICK VON SCHRADER—Letter of Judge Murray Morrison, dated San Francisco, May 21, 1856.

LOANS

From MRS. W. E. O'MORAN—Letter case presented by James V. Coleman to Daniel O'Connell, and other mementoes of Marin County's Irish poet.